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The Nation. December 8, 1979 $1

EDITORIAL

# DOWN-HOME DIPLOMACY

The Framers' wisdom in formulating the constitutional doctrine of separation of powers was never more apparent than it was last week as a result of the headline-grabbing exploits of Representative George V. Hansen, the Idaho conservative. It was as though the diplomatic breakdown between the United States and Iran had launched an unguided diplomatic missile; the dangerous abyss between the two countries made United Nations Secretary General Kurt Waldheim's call for a Security Council meeting as timely as Hansen's efforts were ill-timed.

Hansen's actions were not only harmful in a delicate situation, as the Administration and numerous Congressional colleagues pointed out, they also dramatized the rise of a new breed—the freelance Congressional diplomat, the international kibitzer who charges into hot spots around the globe for the advancement of political or personal interests. These foreign-policy Lone Rangers, such as Hansen, Representative John Murphy and Senator Jesse Helms, have employed different tactics—Murphy bunker-sitting with Somoza in Nicaragua, Helms dispatching a representative to the peace talks on Zimbabwe in London—but the result is invariably to undermine the responsible conduct of American foreign relations. Such forays, whether for personal publicity or ideological ax-grinding, in the case of Helms, or to help out a crony-benefactor, in the case of Murphy, are symptomatic of the breakdown of constitutional and party structures in Congress, and also of the increased politicization of foreign policy, discussed by O. Edmund Clubb on page 584. Can we next expect Senator Henry Jackson to conduct a separate summit with Leonid Brezhnev on SALT II? Or a former Republican Secretary of State to champion the Shah in this country? But of course *that* could never happen.

CALIFORNIA'S HIGH COURT ON TRIAL
Peter Schrag

POLITICS & FOREIGN POLICY
O. Edmund Clubb

THE NEW DEAL
Thomas Ferguson and Joel Rogers

A RADICAL DISENCHANTED
David Horowitz

'IRON CAGES'
Theodore Rosengarten

APPOINTMENT IN SAMARIA

# GUSH EMUNIM: THIS LAND IS OUR LAND

ARTHUR H. SAMUELSON

Shortly after taking office in May 1977, Prime Minister Menachem Begin went to the Israeli settlement on the West Bank known as Elon Moreh and, clasping a Torah firmly to his chest, promised that there would be many more Elon Morehs during his administration. Since then, Begin's Likud Government has settled an additional 3,000 Israelis on some thirty sites in the occupied West Bank. And only last month his now teetering coalition Government authorized thirty-one more new settlements.

The settlements issue has become so charged with emotion that Begin seems incapable of compromising on it. Moshe Dayan resigned his post as Foreign Minister last month in part because of Begin's intransigence on the settlements. And the Egyptians charge that Begin is attempting to "create facts" by forcibly establishing an Israeli presence in the West Bank that will forever preclude genuine Palestinian autonomy or self-determination there. As a result, talks begun last June between Israel and Egypt under the West Bank autonomy provisions of the Camp David treaty have been stalled for months.

Moreover, Begin is under fire from members of his own party and his erstwhile supporters in the Gush Emunim (Bloc of Faithful), the religio-nationalist group that seeks to annex the West Bank in fulfillment of biblical prophecy. Members of the Gush Emunim, who in some ways represent the best of Israeli society in their personal commitment and youthful idealism, are so opposed to the Camp David peace formula that they are now ready to "defend" their West Bank

*(Continued on Page 592)*

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# LETTERS.

## IRANIAN CALCULATION

*New York City*

You say that the decision to admit the Shah of Iran to this country for medical care "takes on the cast of another Henry Kissinger sideshow" [editorial, "A Time for Restraint," *The Nation*, Dec. 1]. I suggest another possibility: that the admission of the Shah was calculated to evoke a predictable reaction in Teheran and was a first move in a plan to "destabilize" the Iranian Government, akin to the strategy in 1953 which had restored the Shah. The Ayatollah Khomeini's threat to disclose U.S. "spying" and Carter's sharp reactions suggest that incriminating documents were seized in the embassy.

If I am correct, Iran fell into a trap. Most of the "Western world" now regards Iran as an international outlaw. Carter has invoked international law, which the United States has flouted so often. He now threatens to use force under the aegis of the United Nations as the next "logical" step. However, growing unity in support of Iran joined to the economic clout of the Islamic world, which were both absent in 1953, make the success of Carter's (and Kissinger's?) strategy problematical, and exceedingly dangerous.

*Harry Grundfest, Professor Emeritus*
*College of Physicians & Surgeons*
*of Columbia University*

## DIESEL DISAGREEMENT

*New York City*

"Diesel Decision" [*The Nation*, Sept. 22] permits reporter Steven Kargman a grossly distorted attack upon diesels as a guise for blasting the Environmental Protection Agency for not having shut down the automobile industry and the 20 percent of the economy it represents.

Mr. Kargman interviewed us, and seemed surprised that the Diesel Automobile Association (D.A.A.), an organization of diesel consumers, had facts showing E.P.A.'s proposed diesel standards to be far more stringent than current or foreseeable technology allows. Apparently his mind was made up. The fact is, any moderation of the standard will be E.P.A. capitulation to technological reality, not to the automobile industry, contrary to the double bind you lay for E.P.A.

E.P.A., after intensively studying diesel exhaust for seven years, has no evidence that it is carcinogenic in the real world, or even in laboratory animals. D.A.A. brought E.P.A. attention to the "London Bus Garage Workers Study," a twenty-five-year effort of the British Medical Council, which shows no health effect in workers breathing concentrated diesel exhaust daily in their working lives. Sloan-Kettering Cancer Institute found *gasoline* exhaust concentrates to cause papilloma in sustained skin-painting of animals, but *none* caused by diesel exhaust concentrates. Studies showing diesel particles penetrating lungs also show these inert carbon compounds to be naturally expectorated as any dust.

Diesels are used underground because their exhaust is not lethal like gasoline exhaust (nor are they explosive), and no one has been shown to succumb to diesel, whereas four persons we know of were killed by carbon monoxide while waiting in *gas* lines. Diesels are so low in CO and hydrocarbon emissions that present regulations are met without catalysts, and diesel NOx emissions are far less per 100,000 miles than gas cars since diesels have no catalyst to deteriorate or poison, and diesel fuel is unleaded.

Kargman's plea to bring more "environmentalists" into the decision process ignores the murky history: friends of Ralph Nader were paid *over a quarter-million dollars* by Nader associate Joan Claybrook's National Highway Traffic Safety Administration after they spent a year slandering diesel in unsubstantiated press releases and deliberate distortions of scientific articles in testimony before N.H.T.S.A. and E.P.A., thus tarnishing the credibility of all environmentalists. This, not "E.P.A.'s failure to gain support from H.E.W., OSHA and N.C.I.," is why other, wiser agencies haven't risen to the bait. E.P.A. has been impaled on a radical, unsupportable hook, and it is embarrassment, not timidity, that the agency suffers.

The issue is larger than whether profitable cars can be built and sold: it is whether safe, affordable family cars can continue to provide Americans their most tangible freedom—mobility. Knock out diesels on the particulate/NOx issue with a little cancer scare thrown in; then, knock out petro-fueled cars bigger than a scooter on the carbon monoxide/dioxide issue, and what do you have along about 1984? Tiny cars with astronomical fatality rates, a few plush "safety cars" for the rich, and controlled-mobility electric cars for the "masses." When such structural fascism arrives you can say you helped it along, but you liberals won't run it, and the American potential for the world will be dead.

*Robert Gibbons*
*President*
*Diesel Automobile Association*

## VIRTUOUS UNANIMITY?

*Washington*

The Carey McWilliams column on Puerto Rico ["*Second Thoughts*," *The Nation*, Nov. 3] ends by saying this: "It is certainly not for us to impose our views on them; we have done that for too long. A statehood vote that was not virtually unanimous would almost certainly be challenged and might set the stage for endless agitation, violence and contention."

It appears to at least one reader that those two sentences are contradictory. If a clear majority of Puerto Ricans vote for statehood, we ought to go along with that majority and not wait for something that is "virtually unanimous." Doing anything else is to impose our views on them.

*Paul Simon*
*U.S. Congressman*

## CONSIDER THE ALTERNATIVES

Listeners of the now defunct *Internews* daily radio reports which used to be heard on Pacifica and other radio stations may be interested in knowing about another source of progressive radio reporting: *Consider the Alternatives* is a weekly half-hour public affairs radio program produced by SANE and broadcast regularly across the country. Despite our success (we've grown from fifty-four to 402 stations in two and a half years), we remain in the red. Tax-deductible contributions can be sent to *Consider the Alternatives*, c/o SANE, 1411 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

*Robert K. Musil*
*Education Director, SANE*

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# EDITORIALS.

## 'Authenticity' vs. 'Mimicry'

The chaotic series of mob actions last month in Mecca, Teheran, Islamabad and Calcutta might lead one to believe that Moslems everywhere are about to launch a holy war, a *jihad*, against the West. But for all the talk of an Islamic revival, we suspect that these volatile emotions have less to do with religion than with the internal political conflicts in each of these countries. This "Islamic" revival is better understood as a struggle between *authenticity*, associated with the traditional religion and embodied in the mullahs, and *mimicry* of Western secular political norms, exemplified by regimes which have been in the ascendancy in the Middle East from Kemal Ataturk in Turkey in the 1920s to the Shah. The secularists have created new disruptions while failing to deliver the promised benefits of modernism. Because of this failure, they are seen as hollow mimics of Western materialism and, therefore, politically corrupt. Nominally democratic regimes, such as Anwar el-Sadat's Egypt, have abandoned the liberal political principles they professed, and in the process have aborted embryonic social democratic trends. The mullahs are no democrats—but they are unalloyedly indigenous and thus can deny authenticity to the secularists. For this reason alone they pose a serious political challenge to many of the autocratic regimes now holding power in the Moslem world.

The rise of political protests channeled through religion happens to coincide with Ayatollah Khomeini's Iranian theocracy, but political instability in the Moslem world is not orchestrated from Teheran. This is particularly true of the series of events last month. The incident in Mecca, for instance, had no fundamental connection with the turmoil in Iran. The self-proclaimed messiah who led the storming of the Grand Mosque was a native Saudi from the 'Ataiba tribe. As a Wahabi Sunni Moslem, his messianic delusions presumably needed no inspiration from the Shiite Ayatollah sitting in Qum. If early reports that the messianic terrorist was protesting television, working women and other Western influences are correct, however, the political

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repercussions inside Saudi Arabia may be considerable. The waves of anti-American demonstrations in other Moslem countries were similar aberrations. Pakistan has its share of right-wing Moslem fanatics, but the country's dictator, Gen. Mohammed Zia ul-Haq, has been attempting to deflect internal dissent by wrapping himself in the banner of Islamic Shari'ia law, and last month canceled a scheduled election for fear the secular Pakistan People's Party would win at the polls. Pakistanis have been saddled with a rigid Islamic state for more than three decades—and decidedly prefer their politicians to confine themselves to the secular sphere. As for the incidents in Calcutta, where a mob attacked the American Consulate, it now appears that the demonstrators were instigated by the Muslim League party, a political ally of Indira Gandhi, who sought to embarrass the ruling state government in West Bengal, the independent Communist Party (Marxist), which opposes Mrs. Gandhi.

None of the preceding incidents, of course, constitute evidence of an Islamic revival. Khomeini does, however, articulate deep-rooted anti-Western, anti-Communist and anti-materialist sentiments harbored by many Moslem poor people. He speaks their language, the locutions of the Koran, even though his message is pure demagogy, since it lacks any ideology, any coherent program for addressing the economic needs of the poor.

Nonetheless, in the absence of government that is responsive to the people, religion has the appearance of being the only authentic avenue for political protest. In Iran, decades of American-sponsored repression may have eliminated any viable democratic alternatives, leaving a power vacuum to be filled by the mullahs. The precedent is ominous; ruling elites throughout the Moslem world are experiencing a crisis of legitimacy; their impoverished countrymen, whose expectations in some cases have been greatly fueled by the new oil wealth, no longer recognize their claim to authority. Islam is the only language of dissent the oppressed know.

Millenarian peasant rebellions (for such is the revolutionary tradition of Khomeini's utopian but decidedly authoritarian theocracy) are in part motivated by simple hatred of the unjust monarch. But equally important in the Middle East today is a deep-rooted revulsion at leaders who mimic the West. In the absence of an indigenous liberal movement, only the mullahs appear to speak with authentic authority.

# Radical Decade

With their inveterate tendency to label decades, social commentators have christened the present one the "silent seventies." It has been, the media pundits say, a period of complacency, conservatism and a turning inward. To support this image, they point to students who struggle for grades instead of for revolution; they talk of the backlash against the Equal Rights Amendment, abortion, busing, affirmative action and gay rights, the electoral vitality of some conservative candidates, the vogue of neoconservatism and the many who seek solace and salvation in cults and pop psychology movements.

Yet there is a side to the 1970s that has been overlooked and may prove far more important in anticipating—and shaping—what will happen in the 1980s. There is much evidence suggesting that (*1*) conservatism and apathy do not correctly describe the public's mood; (*2*) progressive opinion grew stronger, not weaker, during the 1970s, and (*3*) we are entering a period of resurgent activism.

Consider the following: opinion polls show that far from being complacent, all groups of Americans have grown increasingly distrustful and critical of the powers that be. A Harris survey found that between 1966 and 1976 public confidence in those who run the major corporations declined from 55 percent to 16 percent. Confidence in religious, military and other institutions showed similar drops.

Fifty-five percent of the respondents in a Peter Hart poll believe that both the Democratic and Republican parties favor big business over the average worker. Forty-one percent want "sweeping changes" in our economy, while only 17 percent are for letting the economy straighten itself out. Most respondents seem open to new and bold experiments in economic matters. Thus, a whopping 66 percent would like to work for a company owned and controlled by its workers, and a majority favors wage and price controls.

One Harris survey found that by majorities of more than 2 to 1, citizens favor increased government efforts to (*1*) curb air and water pollution, (*2*) aid education and (*3*) help the poor (but not through welfare; welfare spending is seen by many as a "handout" and is rejected by a 2-to-1 margin). At the same time, Americans are against increased spending for highways and the space program. By 72 percent to 20 percent they judge that too much is being spent on wars and defense. By 80 percent to 13 percent they feel the tax system is set up to favor the rich at the expense of the average person. In short, on almost every major issue, the electorate seems to hold attitudes contrary to the policies pursued by corporate and political elites.

A *New York Times*/CBS survey in 1978 found that the percentage of people who identify themselves as "conservative" and "liberal" remained roughly the same through the 1970s (28 percent conservative, 21 percent liberal) and that by lopsided majorities *both* conservatives and liberals favored more public spending on the environment, schooling, medical care, the elderly, employment and job safety. A recent Harris poll of college campuses found that, although students were less inclined than in the 1960s to identify themselves as liberal, the spectrum of political ideology is shifting to the left, so what was once "left of center" is now considered "middle of the road." And a University of Massachusetts campus survey similarly concluded: "There is little evidence to support a 'shift to the right' view. Even conservative students are quite liberal on most issues."

In 1972, when the Supreme Court ruled that journalists can be required to reveal their news sources, a Gallup poll found only about half the public supported reporters' rights to protect their informants. But a 1978 Gallup poll discovered that by an overwhelming 3-to-1 margin, the public now sided with the journalists. And throughout the 1960s

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and 1970s, according to various studies, Americans have been slowly but steadily manifesting more progressive attitudes in regard to school integration, housing integration and race relations in general.

Nor were the 1978 elections quite the conservative sweep many political analysts claimed at the time. Anti-gay referendums were defeated in at least two cities. In "conservative" Missouri, voters turned out in record numbers to defeat a proposed constitutional amendment that would have banned the union shop in that state. The openly racist Mayor Frank Rizzo of Philadelphia saw his "vote white" charter campaign crushed by a coalition of white and black voters. And Proposition 13 fever has diminished.

Even in the area of political activism, differences between the flaming 1960s and slumbering 1970s are not what the vox populists would have us think. There were large demonstrations against oppression in South Africa, Nicaragua, Chile and a half-dozen other lands. In addition, citizen and community groups have taken to the streets to protest cuts in day care, welfare and other human services. Antinuclear demonstrations proliferated, culminating in the record crowd of 200,000 attending a rally at New York's Battery City site. Those who disapprove of building more nuclear plants have grown from 21 percent to 56 percent in the last two years.

In colleges today there is more study and discussion of Marxist and other socialist ideas than was ever imagined in the 1960s. And campuses throughout the country have witnessed rallies, demonstrations, strikes, sit-ins and arrests over such issues as university investments in firms doing business with South Africa, the firing of radical professors, cuts in minority studies and women's studies and questions of governance, admissions, living conditions and tuition. At Santa Cruz, California, alone, 419 students favoring stock divestiture were arrested last year in the largest protest that campus had seen in five years.

In the mid-to-late 1970s we witnessed major strikes by steelworkers, truck drivers, farmers, farm workers, teachers and newspaper, hospital and utility workers. In 1978, some 50,000 coal miners stayed off the job for three months. Meanwhile, environmental, consumer and other public interest organizations continue to pit themselves against the money and muscle of the corporations. And religious groups, Catholic and Protestant, modernist and fundamentalist—including Southern Baptists and even Billy Graham himself—have protested against military spending and the arms race.

Why then have we been left with the feeling that the nation is in a conservative mood? First, because political, business and media representatives have been telling us so. When 150 students took over a building at Columbia University in 1968, the media treated it as an event of momentous significance and gave it national coverage. Today, larger and equally militant campus demonstrations go unreported. Having decided that protests are passé, the media treat activism as nonexistent, thereby influencing how we see our times and ourselves.

Political interests seek to engineer appearances as well as realities, for appearances tend to become realities. People do not act on what is real but on what they believe to be real. There is a self-fulfilling dimension to power. If the ruling elites can convince everyone that everyone else has lost interest in progressive struggles, then many of us will lapse into a disheartened quietude—which is what the elites want.

Second, much of the progressive sentiment reflected in opinion polls is "soft," in other words, diffused, unorganized and not always embraced with firmness. Therefore, it seldom has the same impact on policies as does the big money and organized pressure of corporate America. Opinion polls show that people do not want natural gas prices deregulated nor the military budget expanded, yet Congress—listening to different drummers in the lobbies of Capitol Hill—votes for these things. The majority of Americans are for legalized abortion, but a well-financed and well-organized minority is turning the lawmakers around.

Finally, it is not that Americans are conservative but that conservatives have been gaining greater visibility and enjoying some success in harnessing political discontent. The Proposition 13 campaign offers a perfect example of how popular resistance to an oppressive tax structure was channeled by conservatives toward their own ends, the biggest beneficiaries being the landlords, corporations and banks.

Like the Germans of the Weimar Republic, Americans can go either way with their frustration and anger, left or right, supporting Jarvis and Reagan or supporting something better. For the left, the 1980s should be a time for neither complacency nor discouragement. What is needed is an understanding of the opportunities as well as the dangers, and a sense of the radical potentials of the American people. Rather than complaining about the "conservative mood" of the nation, we must, in the decade ahead, wholeheartedly enter the struggle for fundamental politico-economic change.

MICHAEL PARENTI

*Michael Parenti is a visiting fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies. His two most recent books are* Democracy for the Few *and* Power and the Powerless.

# Cuba Report

*The Nation* and New York's Center for Cuban Studies recently sponsored a two-week Cuban tour, escorted by Paula DiPerna, author of *The Complete Travel Guide to Cuba* (St. Martin's Press), and José Yglesias, a frequent *Nation* contributor whose many works on Latin America include *In the Fist of the Revolution* (Random House).

For fourteen days, the group explored Cuba, and met with the Ministry of Health and Education, the Film Institute, Writers' and Artists' Union, Journalists Union and Federation of Cuban Women, among other organizations, asking questions, probing, discussing. The trip also included visits to schools, health clinics, new rural towns, concerts impromptu and otherwise, strolling, museum trawling, bar lounging and sunbathing. Days were long, but

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# ARTICLES.

THE BIRD CONTROVERSY

# California's High Court on Trial

PETER SCHRAG

*Sacramento, Calif.*

On Election Day in 1978, *The Los Angeles Times* reported in a front-page story that the California Supreme Court had reached a decision to "overturn a 1975 law that requires prison terms for persons who use a gun during a violent crime but has not made the decision public." The story, attributed to "well-placed court sources," went on to say that:

> The decision, in *People* v. *Tanner*, is certain to anger law enforcement officials around the state.
>
> The court sources said the decision was reached on a 4-3 vote with Chief Justice Rose Elizabeth Bird, whose name goes before the voters today, among the majority.
>
> The sources said that announcement of the decision is being delayed by Associate Justice Mathew O. Tobriner, who has been one of Ms. Bird's strong supporters against a well-organized campaign to win voter disapproval of her appointment to the court.
>
> When asked whether he was delaying the decision, Tobriner replied, "I'm utterly sealed. My oath is not to disclose anything that goes on in this court. . . ."

The plain inference of the story was that Tobriner, a liberal judge with a distinguished fifteen-year record on the Supreme Court, was improperly withholding announcement of an unpopular decision to help his friend Rose Bird win reconfirmation by the electorate. What was not clear was how little hard information supported the story and that the little there was had been provided by elements of the California right wing, which had been trying for a year to get Bird off the court.

The vote was expected to be close. Although the reconfirmation process for Appellate Court justices involves only a straight yes-or-no ballot and is thus generally regarded as a perfunctory exercise in which judges are always reconfirmed, Bird was sufficiently controversial and the well-financed campaign against her sufficiently effective that there was a nearly even chance that just as she had become the state's first woman Supreme Court justice, she would now also become the first member of the court to be unseated in a reconfirmation election.

There is, of course, controversy about what made—and makes—Bird controversial. The choices are almost unlimited: She is a liberal with no prior judicial experience; she was, as Gov. Jerry Brown's Director of Agriculture and Resources, the author of the state's farm labor law (and thus anathema to growers); she contributed to several controversial decisions including one very much misunderstood ruling on a rape case, and she has not been diffident about shaking up the court's hoary administrative procedures and, along with them, the old-boy network that managed much of the court's work. As a consequence, Bird, who had never worked for a private law firm and never served as a trial judge, had little support within the bar, less on the trial bench and almost none within her own court.

The Chief Justice won reconfirmation with a narrow 52 percent of the votes, but by the time those votes had been counted, the *Times* story had cast a cloud over the court that made all of Bird's previous troubles seem trivial and set in motion a sequence of investigations, hearings and lawsuits from which it will take the state's judicial system a long time to recover. The resulting damage, ironically, does not come from the charges originally published by *The Times* but from the accumulation of petty detail, in-camera squabbles and other judicial trivia that seemed to flow almost inexorably from the televised public investigation and the legal controversies the *Times* story prompted.

The charges published by *The Times* weren't new; they had been raised (and denied) on several occasions during the election campaign. (Nor, in the final analysis, were they all that serious; other courts had withheld decisions for all sorts of extraneous reasons.) More important, the published allegations and inferences lacked any sort of verifiable information, a flaw that was to become all too plain in the ensuing months: How, after all, was one to tell whether one or more justices delayed the decision improperly unless someone was willing to confess? One of the reporters who wrote the story later admitted that he had no idea how the court worked when he wrote it. And while he acknowledged (also after the fact) that there was no hard evidence that Tobriner had held up the case, he suggested that perhaps Tobriner had done it subconsciously. Yet from the moment the story appeared, it was deemed sufficient, without formal charges or further evidence, to warrant a full inquiry by the state's Commission on Judicial Performance, the official body of judges and attorneys constitutionally empowered to examine allegations of malfeasance on the part of individual judges (heretofore, however, always in closed sessions). If the commission found evidence of misconduct it could then begin formal proceedings to have a judge censured or removed. Most of the state's growing number of law-and-order politicians and almost all the newspapers, many of which had supported Bird in the election, called for such an inquiry. No one suggested the inquiry was unwarranted. Indeed, two weeks after the *Times* story was published, Rose Bird herself requested an investigation.

On December 22, 1978, some six weeks after Election Day, *The Times* published a second story on *Tanner*. The new story, co-authored by one of the two reporters who wrote the original story, began as follows:

> The fact that four justices wrote four separate opinions in a controversial gun law case is what prevented the Cali-

*Peter Schrag, a journalist now living on the West Coast, has been following the controversy surrounding the California Supreme Court. His most recent book is* Mind Control *(Pantheon).*

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fornia Supreme Court from issuing a decision before the November elections, court sources said Thursday. . . .

A series of dates tracing the court's handling of the case was cited by these sources in defense of Tobriner against claims that a decision overturning the law had been purposely delayed beyond Election Day to try to insure voter approval of Chief Justice Rose Elizabeth Bird.

Once again there were references to "well-placed sources" although it was not clear whether these were the same sources who had provided the data for the first story or, if not, whether the original sources still stuck to their story. Nor did *The Times* point out that the "claims" to which it referred were largely its own.

The factual doubts raised by the second *Times* story were reinforced by the release, a few hours later, of the *Tanner* decision itself. As reported earlier, the court had indeed ruled 4 to 3 to uphold a decision by a trial judge striking a gun-use charge, thus sparing the defendant from the mandatory prison term that the gun law appeared to require. But the court did not "overturn" the gun law—did not, that is, hold it unconstitutional or otherwise invalid. It merely held that the legislature had not repealed another statute giving trial judges limited discretion to strike such charges in special circumstances. If the legislature intended otherwise, Tobriner said in the court's lead opinion, it could easily have eliminated that discretion by changing a few words in the law (and could, of course, still do so). Further, he said, trial courts should exercise that discretion only "in extraordinary cases." Had it not been ballyhooed into a political issue, it would have been an unimportant decision.

Hardly anyone, however, read *Tanner*. To this day the press describes the decision as having "overturned" the gun law. More important, neither *Tanner* nor the second *Times* story had any impact on the decision, by then more or less inevitable, to hold an investigation that would examine both the original withholding allegations and the question of whether anyone on the court had improperly leaked information to the press. It was further decided to conduct all hearings in public, despite a warning from at least one Supreme Court justice, Stanley Mosk, that if he were called to testify in such a hearing, he would go to court to stop the proceedings.

By the time Seth Hufstedler, the special counsel to the California Commission on Judicial Performance, issued his "background report" preliminary to the case, it was clear that he had little evidence to support the allegations that *Tanner* was improperly delayed, and considerable evidence to refute it. The details aren't important here: Most simply put, the antiquated procedures of the court, combined with the personal animosities that were soon to be aired, were sufficient to hold up the case for some ten months after oral arguments had been completed. Nonetheless, the commission proceeded, launching into a detailed public examination of the peregrinations of the thing that merely came to be called "the box"—the file that contained the *Tanner* case documents—as it slowly moved from one judge to another.

The box quickly became boring, but since the commission also elicited testimony from the principals, including four of the seven justices, about fights over office furniture, personal slurs in the corridors and elevators and various other expressions of hostility, there was plenty of material for the evening news. One in camera conversation between Bird and Associate Justice William Clark came straight from daytime TV drama:

> *He:* I've felt your chill for three weeks now. I felt it was *Tanner*, but it may be something deeper. . . . I feel our relationship has been good, but I am concerned by your coolness of the last few weeks.
>
> *She:* We have no difference of opinion regarding what I said to you.
>
> *He:* I have notes.
>
> *She:* I never asked you to remove anything [from an opinion he had written].
>
> *He:* No, you did not, but this really is not important.
>
> *She:* It's important to me.

The most significant thing about this scene from a decaying marriage may have been the fact that one justice was suspicious enough of the other to have a clerk sit in to transcribe their conversation. Plainly there was little love lost between Bird and Clark, a right-winger who had been appointed to the bench by Ronald Reagan, or between Bird and Mosk, a liberal who had expected to become Chief Justice himself and who made no secret of his dislike for the woman who got the job instead.

Behind the feuds, however, the investigation began to reveal the fact that while the justices had been fighting their internecine battles, the right-wing Law and Order Campaign Committee and the representatives of the California District Attorneys Association who had led the fight to unseat Bird had been busy exploiting them. It was disclosed, for example, that H.L. Richardson, the radical-right State Senator who founded the Law and Order Campaign Committee, had called Justice Clark the day before the election and asked him to grant an interview to one of the *Times* reporters who wrote the Election Day story. (Clark, who

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obliged, said he would have talked to the reporter anyway, though he insisted he never discussed *Tanner* or any other pending case.) More important, it also became clear that Edwin Meese, Clark's colleague when they were both members of the Reagan Cabinet, remained the justice's good friend and frequent visitor. Two months before the election, Meese had been a co-author of an article in a legal journal suggesting that *Tanner* would be held up until after the election. Another co-author of that article was George Nicholson, executive director of the District Attorneys Association. On the day after the election, Carol Benfell, the former editor of the association's newsletter (and thus Nicholson's former colleague), wrote another article in the same legal journal declaring that *Tanner* was being improperly withheld. It was widely rumored, though never proved, that *The Times* was given the original *Tanner* story because Benfell couldn't get her article out before Election Day.

Last July, after six weeks of hearings, Mosk, suing as an individual, obtained a ruling from an Appellate Court ordering the commission to stop the public hearings. The state Constitution, the court held, did not permit such proceedings to be conducted in public—a point on which that document appears to speak with absolute clarity, and which was subsequently confirmed unanimously by a surrogate "Supreme Court" to which the final appeal was taken. That court was empaneled, of course, because all the regular justices would have confronted conflicts of interest had they sat on the case.

Yet by the time the open hearings were permanently shut down, the damage had been done—partly through the ineptitude of the commission that permitted its witnesses to testify to all that in camera trivia, and partly by the unchecked political frenzy generated by the Election Day story. The liberals who might have come to the aid of Bird (and the court) were themselves helpless against that kind of frenzy; they, after all, had been among the great defenders of full investigations of Watergate, had demanded open proceedings and had repeatedly (and often with good reason) warned about still another cover-up. That in this case things might be different—or that all courts might be different—was a point that was apparently too subtle to press.

Before the hearings began, Justice Mosk had told the commission that if the inquiry were to be conducted in public, "the damage to the reputation and prestige of justices is incalculable, even if no charges are filed." What he failed to mention was the fact that in California it is the right wing, which has been attacking the court for more than two years, that is in the best position to benefit from such damage. In 1980, some 220 California Superior Court judges will be up for re-election around the state, and the Richardson committee is preparing to target a great many of them as soft on crime.

The details of that campaign—already well under way—are a story in themselves. What's pertinent here is that despite the lack of hard evidence in the *Tanner* affair, the Supreme Court hearings reinforced the belief that the courts are political and that judges must be watched and judged as closely as any other group of politicians. *Tanner*, said David Ross, a Los Angeles Deputy District Attorney who is organizing the campaign against incumbent judges in his region, "has forever silenced the last holdouts of the so-called 'mechanical' view of the law. *Tanner* presaged the inevitable emergence of the political judiciary."

It's almost certain that next year an unprecedented number of California's trial judges will be defeated by people who can easily claim that they will be tougher on crime than the incumbents. In the past, the legal establishment—bench and bar—provided some protection against that sort of attack, but for the moment at least, the legal establishment is in terrible disarray, and that, of course, is the real measure of the damage that the hearings have caused. □

# The Perils of A Political Foreign Policy

O. EDMUND CLUBB

In his October 1 television report to the nation on the Soviet troops in Cuba, President Carter said, "We must not play politics with the security of the United States. We must not play politics with the survival of the human race." That is sound advice. But the problem is incorporating such principles into the conduct of our foreign affairs.

It is no secret that American foreign policy is in sad disarray these days, and that American power stands beleaguered in various foreign fields. There is no single, simple cause for our predicament, but one major source is the politicization of foreign policy that began with the birth of the cold war in 1947. That year also saw the creation of the National Security Council and the Central Ingelligence Agency, and those two organs, together with the mushrooming Pentagon, were soon found invading the State Department's diplomatic domain. Traditional diplomacy seeks the resolution of differences between sovereign states through negotiation and compromise, through mutual agreement, with the aim of attaining benefits while maintaining the peace. Those aforementioned undiplomatic agencies, for their part, are charged with protecting "the national security," with spotting potential "enemies," with preparing for war—and upon extreme occasions, waging it. The three agencies brought with them into the field of foreign affairs various "worst-case" scenarios, and they conceive new ones with endless fecundity. The diffusion of authority for the formulation of foreign policy between the civilian, military and quasi-military branches with their vastly different outlooks has given rise

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to increased bureaucratic infighting, which has hampered the formulation of consistent policy.

Ideological prejudices are prominent in the equation. The United States abhors foreign revolutions bearing a real or imagined potential for harming "the American national interest." It prefers a "stability" that promises, if only superficially and for the short run, to insure existing political and economic profits. (Its own interventions and undertakings to "destabilize" situations for American designs are, of course, another matter.) The cold-war atmosphere has exacerbated American fears of political and social change. Complex realities in distant societies are viewed through ideological prisms, and are frequently distorted by artificial, prefabricated interpretations that replace objective analysis. Prejudice often rules in the place of expertise.

The bureaucratic situation has manifestly been further complicated by Congress's expanded involvement in the nation's foreign affairs, especially in the past decade. In the light of the executive's handling of some foreign affairs matters (e.g., the Vietnam War), this is quite understandable, and to a degree salutary. Yet the cold-war spirit has made Congress markedly hostile to policies that may seem to benefit (however little, however compensated) "adversaries," but warmly hospitable to advances by states deemed "on the American side." It is thus receptive to self-serving advances made by various foreign lobbies—such as those of Kuomintang China, Greece and Israel. In those circumstances, foreign policy all too often becomes the football of partisan domestic politics; domestic politics upon occasion merges with ideological fervor and military rationalizations to confound professional realism in the American foreign policy-making process.

Recent history presents striking examples of faulty analyses and of costly blunders with this common genesis. Sino-American relations over the past three decades offer one revealing case study. With the cold war already in existence, the victory of Mao Zedong's revolutionaries over Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists in 1949 led Washington's top policy makers to conclude that China had become an outright satellite of Moscow, and they promptly consigned that country to the "enemy" category. Notoriously, a number of U.S. Foreign Service officers were pilloried, in the McCarthy era, for unorthodox views on the developments in China. The careers of some of them were wrecked. The China Lobby, and its supporters in Congress, manifestly contributed more to the molding of contemporary China policy than did the State Department's China Hands.

The Korean War of 1950-53, coming on the heels of the Communist victory in China, hardened American Far Eastern policy in a rigid ideological mold; the United States was again actively engaged in warring against "enemies." Significantly, John Foster Dulles, addressing assembled State Department and Foreign Service officers upon his asumption of the post of Secretary of State in 1953, called for "positive loyalty" to policies as fixed by Congress and the Administration. Dissent within the foreign affairs bureaucracy, having become akin to *dis*loyalty, was inevitably stilled. Left without major challenge from the early 1950s on, grand strategy hardened in the cold-war mold, leaving the United States all too often committed to untenable positions in a world undergoing rapid change.

So the United States labored for two full decades to contain "Communist" China, with the Vietnam War a noxious outgrowth of that misbegotten strategy. In Vietnam, as it had done in China, the United States backed a regressive, incompetent regime against the rising forces of revolution. It failed calamitously; but twelve years elapsed before it could bring itself to abandon the disastrous undertaking. It took Washington even longer—a total of twenty-nine years—to acknowledge the legal existence of what President Carter in December 1978 termed a "simple reality": the Chinese Government that had been established in Peking by the Chinese Communist revolutionaries. The costs of those misconceived cold-war ventures have been staggering; we reel from them still.

The old maladies still plague the American foreign policy apparatus under the Carter Administration. Inconsistent policies reflect the pulling and hauling among contending branches of Government. Still, disagreement is exercised most freely at the top levels. Under the present Administration, as in the past, the expression of dissenting opinion is clearly too circumscribed. President Carter, in a press conference on February 12, 1979, confirmed that he had admonished top aides to be circumspect in talking with the news media, but denied that he had instructed aides not to discuss disagreements *within* the Administration. He added, however, that once he had made a policy decision, he expected it to be carried out "with loyalty and enthusiasm."

The President was probably unaware of John Foster

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Dulles's parallel admonition of a quarter-century earlier. In any event, one finds a deadly similarity between present and past in the obnoxious results of suppressing dissent—whether before *or* after the imperial rendering of a foreign policy decision. Take the case of Iran, where the C.I.A. in 1953 (Secretary Dulles's time) had engineered the overthrow of Premier Mohammed Mossadegh in favor of restoring "friendly" royalty, Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlevi, to power. The United States blindly supported "our man," the Shah, for a full quarter-century on the bland assumption that this served the national interest. But in the end, a popular revolutionary movement crept up unobserved by our policy makers, and the Shah was rudely overthrown.

President Carter was reportedly distressed by the failure of American intelligence to alert his Administration to the explosive potential of the Iranian political situation. But the C.I.A. and the American Embassy in Teheran had been all along loyally providing Washington with only favorable estimates of the strength and stability of the Shah's autocratic regime. That was, after all, the kind of "intelligence" assured of a welcome in Washington. And so we had the bitter fruits of self-deception: deep Iranian hostility toward the United States for its past role in the country, sophisticated American weaponry in the "wrong" hands, a petroleum crunch—in total, a debacle for U.S. policy. And now comes the Iranian invasion of our Teheran embassy and the detention of American diplomatic personnel as hostages. Obviously it didn't all have to be that bad.

And the autocratic approach to foreign affairs is demonstrably no substitute for smoothly functioning bureaucratic operations. In March of this year, practicing summit diplomacy with Egyptian President Anwar el-Sadat and Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, President Carter personally mediated a supposed first-step settlement of the Middle East conflict and put the United States in the position of guarantor of the agreement. Settlement? The Egyptian-Israeli accord of March 26 fulfills United Nations Resolution 242—to which the United States has subscribed—only with respect to occupied Egyptian territory. There was no substantive provision for Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank, the Gaza Strip and East Jerusalem to its 1967 borders in either that agreement or the earlier Camp David "Framework Accord," and the official policy position of the Israeli Government holds out no promise in that regard. To all indications, the first-step gambit will not lead to the desired comprehensive settlement of Israel's dispute with the Arab world. Logically enough, the March 26 agreement alienated the moderate Arab states from American policy and thrust them closer to the "radical" Arabs. The Arab world is now polarized, and the United States is aligned with the weaker pole, Egypt.

To all indications, the United States resorted to the stratagem of engineering the first-step, limited peace between Egypt and Israel, instead of promoting a broader Geneva conference as originally proposed, with the idea of excluding the Soviet Union from the peacemaking process, thus reducing Soviet influence in that strategic region while enhancing the American position. Instead, Soviet interests in the Middle East and Southwest Asia have been notably well served by the American initiative—without the Russians having moved a gunboat or fired a rifle shot. The United States, on the other hand, stands effectively committed by its own undertakings of last March to shoulder the heavy political and economic burdens thrust upon it by the problem-wracked Egyptian regime and an Israel that is the target for an aroused and consolidated Arab hostility. Is this good diplomacy? Does the American-sponsored Egyptian-Israeli accord of March 26 promise to serve the *American* national interest? It does not.

In September, the issue of that Soviet force in Cuba became entangled in the SALT II ratification process. After the intelligence suggesting that the Soviet brigade of 2,000 or 3,000 men might have "combat capabilities" surfaced through Senator Frank Church, the President and his Secretary of State said publicly that the status quo was "unacceptable." But with the Soviet side holding to the position that the brigade is simply a training unit without combat structure or purpose, President Carter in his October 1 address effectively accepted the unacceptable, and then, alluding to attempts by certain members of Congress to link the Soviet brigade to the ratification of the SALT II treaty, he said, "We must not play politics with SALT II. It is much too important for that—too vital to our country, to our allies, and to the cause of peace."

That Presidential position is eminently sensible, but the history of postwar American foreign policy provides little support for it. In the final analysis, it is all too evident that the dispersal of foreign affairs responsibility within the Government, and the attendant politicization of American foreign policy, threaten to plunge this country into disaster. Will governmental maturity, in the form of balanced statesmanship, thus belatedly be reasserted with respect to our foreign affairs? Or will political posturing and cold-war tactics prevail? The United States now stands at a critical crossroads, and much—perhaps all—depends upon which road we take. □

# A Radical's Disenchantment

DAVID HOROWITZ

For most of my adult and professional life, I regarded myself as a man of the left. The identification was stronger. Ever since marching in my first May Day parade down New York's Eighth Avenue thirty years ago, I had looked on myself as a soldier in an international class struggle that would one day liberate all humanity from poverty, oppression, racism and war. It was a romantic conception, to be sure, but then revolution as

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conceived in the Marxist and socialist canons *is* a romantic conception: it promises the fulfillment of hopes that are as old as mankind; it posits a break with the whole burdened progress of human history—freedom from the chains that have bound master and slave, lord and peasant, capitalist and proletarian from time immemorial.

Not long after the end of the Vietnam War, I found myself unable to maintain any longer the necessary belief in the Marxist promise. Along with many other veterans of the 1960s struggles, I ceased to be politically active. It was a characteristic and somewhat unique feature of our radical generation, as distinct from previous ones, that we did not seek to join the conservative forces of the status quo. Instead, politics itself became suspect. We turned inward—not, I would say, out of narcissism but out of a recognition unfamiliar and in some ways threatening to our radical ideas, that failure (like success) is never a matter merely of "the objective circumstances." It has a root in the acting self.

Few of us, I think, felt at ease with the political limbo in which we found ourselves. It was as though the radicalism we shared was in some deep, perhaps unanalyzable sense a matter of character rather than commitment. It was as though giving up the vision of fundamental change meant giving up the better part of oneself. So we continued to feel a connection to the left that was something more than sentimental, while our sense of loss led to conflicts whose appearance was sometimes less than fraternal. Such feelings, I believe, were an unspoken but significant element in the controversy over Joan Baez's open letter to the Vietnamese, and the Ronald Radosh-Sol Stern article on the Rosenbergs in *The New Republic*.

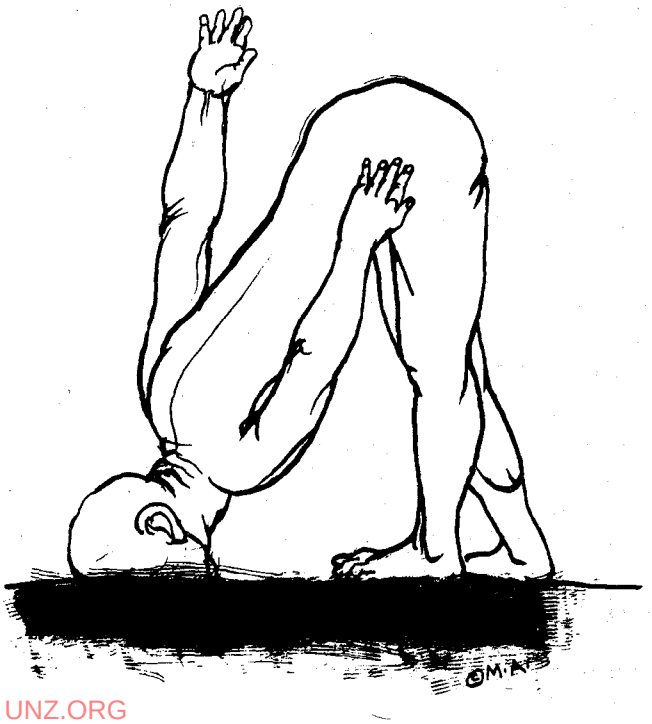
Antonio Gramsci once described the revolutionary temperament as a pessimism of the intellect and an optimism of the will. For the veterans of my radical generation, the balance was tipped when we sustained what seemed like irreparable injury to our sense of historical possibility. It was not even so much the feeling that the left would not be able to change society; it was rather the sense that, in crucial ways, the left could not change itself.

Above all, the left seems trapped in its romantic vision. In spite of the defeats to its radical expectations, it is unable to summon the dispassion to look at itself critically. Despite the disasters of twentieth-century revolutions, the viability of the revolutionary goal remains largely unexamined and unquestioned. Even worse, radical commitments to justice and other social values continue to be dominated by a moral and political double standard. The left's indignation seems exclusively reserved for outrages that confirm the Marxist diagnosis of the sickness of capitalist society. Thus, there is protest against murder and repression in Nicaragua, but not Cambodia, Chile but not Tibet, South Africa but not Uganda, Israel but not Libya or Iraq. Political support is mustered for oppressed minorities in Western countries but not in Russia or the People's Republic of China, while a Third World country that declares itself "Marxist" puts itself—by that very act—beyond reproach. In the same vein, almost any "liberation movement" is embraced as just that, though it may be as unmistakably atavistic and clerically fascist on first sight as the Ayatollah Khomeini's in Iran.

This moral and political myopia is compounded by the left's inability to accept responsibility for its own acts and commitments. Unpalatable results (e.g., the outcome of the Revolution in Russia) are regarded as "irrelevant"—and dismissed—as though the left in America and elsewhere played no role in them, and as though they have had no impact on the world that the left set out to change. Or they are analyzed as anomalies—and dismissed—as though there were in fact a standard of achieved revolution by which the left could have confidence in its program and in its understanding of the historical process.

Recently, the shock of events in Indochina—mass murder committed by Cambodia's Communists, the invasion and unacknowledged occupation of Cambodia by Vietnam and the invasion of Vietnam by China—has produced new and promising responses among radicals still committed to the socialist cause. Paul Sweezy, dean of America's independent Marxists, wrote in *Monthly Review* this June of "a deep crisis in Marxian theory" because none of the existing "socialist" societies behave the way Marx and "most Marxists . . . until quite recently—thought they would." Classes haven't been eliminated, nor, he observes, is there any visible intention to eliminate them; the state, far from disappearing, has grown more powerful, and "they go to war not only in self-defense but to impose their will on other countries—even ones that are also assumed to be socialist."

The current dimensions of the left's intellectual crisis are more readily grasped, however, in a writer like Noam Chomsky, who, as an anarchist, has never had illusions about existing "socialisms," and who has no attachment (intellectual or visceral) to pristine Marxism. Chomsky's intellectual integrity and moral courage, to my mind, set a standard for political intellectuals. Yet, in a manner that is not only characteristic of the non-Trotskyist left but seems endemic to its political stance, Chomsky refuses to devote his tenacious intelligence to a systematic scrutiny of



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"socialist" regimes or even anti-Western regimes of the Third World.

Thus, in a passage from his new book, *Language and Responsibility*, Chomsky criticizes the absence of socialist journalists in the mass media and comments, "In a sense, we have over here the 'mirror image' of the Soviet Union, where all the people who write in *Pravda* represent the position which they call 'socialism'—in fact, a certain variety of highly authoritarian state socialism." Chomsky attributes this conformity to "ideological homogeneity" among the U.S. intelligentsia and to the fact that the mass media are capitalist institutions. Chomsky then offers examples of press conformity in connection with the Vietnam War and concludes: "It is notable that despite the extensive and well-known record of Government lies during the period of the Vietnam War, the press, with fair consistency, remained remarkably obedient, and quite willing to accept the Government's assumptions, framework of thinking, and interpretation of what was happening."

The question that I find myself asking, when I read these words now, is by what standard does Chomsky judge the obedience of the American press remarkable? Is there a national press that is not obedient in the sense described? Does Chomsky mean that the American press was remarkably *more* obedient to its Government during the Vietnam War than other national presses would have been in similar circumstances? Looking back at those events from the present historical juncture, one would be inclined to say exactly the reverse. Not only did the American press provide much of the documentation on which the antiwar movement's indictment of the American war effort was based—including the My Lai atrocities—but in *defiance* of its Government and at the risk of prosecution for espionage and treason, it published the classified documents known as the Pentagon Papers, which provided a good deal of the tangible record of official lies to which Chomsky refers.

This is not to say that Chomsky's characterization of press subservience is wrong but rather to put the criticism in perspective. Within the framework of ideological conformity and institutional obedience which Chomsky rightly deplores, a body of dissent developed during the 1960s which has continued to influence the conduct of American foreign policy and the structure of international relations in the present decade. Who would have thought ten years ago that the anti-American revolution in Iran, the linchpin of America's imperial interests in the Middle East, would not trigger an immediate American military intervention? Who would have believed that the 25,000 military "advisers" in Africa's civil conflicts in the 1970s would be Cubans rather than Americans?

Consider, too, for a moment, Chomsky's misleading comparison of the Soviet and American presses as "mirror images." In fact, the ignorance imposed on the Soviet public by Government-controlled media and official censorship is mind-boggling by Western standards. At a bare minimum, the information necessary to carry on a public debate over Government policies in areas such as foreign policy and defense is not available to the Soviet citizen (who would be forbidden to use it, if it were). Censorship is carried to such an extreme that the Soviet citizen may be uninformed about such noncontroversial threats to his well-being as natural disasters, man-made catastrophes or even military provocations by the United States. When Washington mined Haiphong Harbor and dared Russian vessels to challenge the blockade, a crisis—compared at the time to the 1962 confrontation over Cuban missiles—ensued. For twenty days during this crisis, the Soviet people were not informed that the mining had taken place! (The purpose of the blackout was to allow the Soviet leadership to capitulate to the American threat without domestic consequences.)

Why bring this up? Why dwell on the negative features of the Soviet system (or of other Communist states) which in any case are widely reported in the American media? What is the relevance?

These are questions the apologists of the left raise when they are confronted by the Soviet case. Unfortunately, the consequences of ignoring the flaws of practical Communism are far-ranging and real. To begin with, the credibility of the left's critique is gravely undermined. Chomsky's article is a good example. The American press does not look inordinately servile when compared with its real-world counterparts—and especially its socialist opposites. Only when measured against its own standards and the ideals of the democratic society of which it is part does it seem so. Yet it is Chomsky who raises the Soviet comparison (precisely because the United States and the Soviet Union *are* in an adversary relationship—a political fact of prime importance that the left often prefers to ignore), and he does so in a misleading way. The result is that his argument is vitiated or at least seriously weakened for anyone who has not internalized the special expectations of the left that a future socialist press would be really independent, critical and accurate.

Latent in Chomsky's critique is a comforting illusion—namely that the left's failure to sustain itself as a political force with a radical alternative social vision is due to the absence of socialist journalists in the capitalist media rather than to its own deficiencies; the failure of its ideals in practice, its moral inconsistency, its inability to formulate—and fight for—realistic programs. In short, the fact that it cannot command moral and political authority among its potential constituencies.

The blind spot toward the Soviet Union provides a good instance of the left's lack of political realism. The Soviet Union is one of the two predominant military powers in the world. That alone makes it a crucial subject of any contemporary political analysis that claims to be comprehensive. Radicals often seem to think that Western policy can be explained independently of Soviet behavior, by reference to the imperatives of the system, the requirements of the "disaccumulation crisis," etc. This was always a weakness in the radical perspective, but as a result of the continuing development of Soviet power in the last decade, it has passed a critical point and has become crippling. During the 1950s, and even the 1960s, the Soviet Union was significantly weaker militarily than the United States. The celebrated missile gap was all on the other side. Hence, whatever Soviet intentions, Washington's influence on the dynamics of the

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arms race and the cold war was preponderant. This is no longer the case. The Soviet Union has now achieved nuclear parity with the United States for the first time since the onset of the atomic era. This profoundly affects, among other things, Soviet ability to intervene in political and military conflicts outside its borders. The political pendulum has also swung in its favor. Compare the days when John Foster Dulles used to attack the nonaligned states for "immoral" neutrality with the recent conference of nonaligned countries in Havana where the policy of Washington's representatives was to *keep* the participants neutral (i.e., not aligned with the Soviet bloc).

These changes and the trend they represent make a realistic analysis of Soviet policies crucial for any political movement. Yet, in a special issue of *The Nation* concerned with "Intervention" (June 9), only one of ten articles was even partially devoted to the Soviet Union.* The article, by Michael Klare, employed a comparative analysis of U.S. and Soviet military forces to *discount* the impression that the Soviet Union is now or intends to become an interventionary power.

Klare achieved this feat by defining "interventionist forces" in such a restrictive manner as to exclude the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia and the occupation forces it maintains there, and by describing Soviet intervention in the Middle East, Africa and Asia as "aid" to "beleaguered allies"—in short, by taking a page from the apologists for American interventions. When Klare was compelled under his own ground rules to admit that some Soviet missions had the look of interventionist forces, he quickly denied the implication, saying, ". . . but it is important to remember that the units involved are seen by Moscow as being 'on loan' from their normal, defensive mission, and so would be recalled the moment they were needed at home." And so, presumably, would the U.S. "advisers" that began America's involvement in Vietnam, if they had been needed at home.

Failure to appreciate the world role of a major power—the depressing history of leftist apologias for that power aside—would be serious enough. But the Soviet Union, despite all the qualifying circumstances of its origins and development, is the country in which the revolutionary socialist solution—state ownership of the means of production—has been tested and found wanting. For this reason, far more than for the others, it requires radical attention. The point was forcefully made a few years ago by the Polish philosopher, Leszek Kolakowski:

> Why the problems of the real and the only existing communism, which Leftist ideologists put aside so easily ("all right, this was done in exceptional circumstances, we won't imitate these patterns, we will do better" etc.), are crucial for socialist thought is because the experiences of the "new alternative society" have shown very convincingly that the only universal medicine these people have for social evils—state ownership of the means of production—is not only perfectly compatible with all disasters of the capitalist world, with exploitation, imperialism, pollution, misery, economic waste, national hatred and national oppression, but that it adds to them a series of disasters of its own: inefficiency, lack of economic incentives and, above all, the unrestricted role of the omnipotent bureaucracy, a concentration of power never known before in human history.

Can the left take a really hard look at itself—the consequences of its failures, the credibility of its critiques, the viability of its goals? Can it begin to shed the arrogant cloak of self-righteousness that elevates it above its own history and makes it impervious to the lessons of experience?

In a previous essay, Kolakowski wrote that the left was defined by its "negation" of existing social reality. But not only this: "It is also defined by the direction of this negation, in fact by the nature of its utopia." Today, the left's utopia itself is in question. That is the real meaning of the crisis of Marxism. Yet, paradoxically, the way for the left to begin to regain its utopia, to fashion a new, more adequate vision of radical commitment and radical change, is to take a firmer grip on the ground under its feet. □

*Another, by Gareth Porter, however, did admirably deal with Vietnam's invasion of Cambodia.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY

# How Business Saved the New Deal

THOMAS FERGUSON and JOEL ROGERS

For more than a generation, the political formula of New Deal liberalism has defined American public life. Now that formula is breaking down. The economic, political and social foundations of the New Deal are everywhere crumbling, battered beyond repair by double-digit stagflation, protectionist pressures and a chronically negative balance of payments.

Adjustment to the new world these changes intimate has proven widely traumatic. Signs of a collective identity crisis abound. Among the affluent: a fixation on the therapeutic functions of power and rewards of competition, a newly narcissistic concern for the Loved One, real estate speculation. Among the poor and the vulnerable at all levels of society: pentecostalism, fortune telling, satanism, astrology, disaster movies.

But not everyone has been incapacitated by the crisis. Parallel to the cultural experimentation of the rank and file has come a drastic restructuring of the internal relations among American elites, unnoticed by the press. With obsolete alliances breaking apart, they are scrambling after high ground, on the lookout for new institutions to service their needs and withstand the pressures of the 1980s. Although the realignment this entails is still in its early stages, parts of its infrastructure are already visible. The Business Roundtable, the Trilateral Commission and a score of defense-oriented, nationalist groups (most notably the Committee on the Present Danger) are especially prominent.

The next few installments of "The Political Economy"

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will focus on these new organizations, which embody most of the forces now competing for dominance in American politics: free traders and protectionists, high-technology and labor-intensive firms, energy sellers and energy users, advancing and declining sectors, weapons producers and commercial banks. They herald an emergent system of power, whose novelty becomes vividly apparent when contrasted to that of the New Deal. But because the New Deal itself has been systematically misperceived by liberal, revisionist, populist and orthodox Marxist observers alike, it requires a preliminary word.

What was enduringly significant about the New Deal cannot be grasped by concentrating, as so much commentary has, on the Orange Bowl parade of curious ideologies that successively informed it, on the foibles of the illustrious *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* who presided over it, or on the sequence in which the court retainers—Raymond Moley, Rexford Tugwell, Thomas Corcoran, et al.—brought F.D.R. his breakfast. These and the rest of the minor pieces only fall into place once the five central parts of the New Deal are fitted together:

§ The unique industrial structure of the United States in the 1930s—one dominated, for the first time in world history, by large, high-technology firms, of which giant, integrated petroleum companies were the most numerous and important.

§ An enormous financial sector that by the end of World War II wrested from Britain her hegemonic position in the world economy.

§ The manipulation of the American Federation of Labor to control the Congress of Industrial Organizations and, where the latter was too deeply entrenched to be dislodged, the selective promotion of "responsible" union leaders by government and industry.

§ The professionalization of many more occupations, and their integration into a vast, hierarchically ordered, capital-intensive and credential-based social management system.

§ A giant increase in the size and activity of large foundations and policy research institutes which cemented relationships between high-technology industries and professionals.

Of these five, the first two were pivotal. High-technology firms together with investment and commercial banks constituted an entirely new, distinctively modern kind of political coalition. Because they required less direct labor (and that often technical and scientific), these firms could afford to be less obsessively concerned with repressing the work force. And because they typically represented the latest wave of industrial innovations, they were vividly aware of how much they stood to gain from global free trade.

In the darkest moment of the New Deal, amid the collapse of the National Recovery Administration, swelling public criticism and spiraling class conflict, this hegemonic bloc asserted its power with dramatic effect. By intervening in support of the Second New Deal's meliorative social policies, the most important of these firms spared President Roosevelt the choice between socialism and the termination of a constitutional regime then being forced upon leaders of countries with far fewer large high-technology firms.

As the President vacillated, Walter Teagle of Standard Oil of New Jersey (now Exxon) and Gerard Swope of General Electric opened discussions with Senator Robert Wagner. Along with the Twentieth Century Fund, a handful of largely Northeastern textile firms threatened by the low wage standards enjoyed by their Southern competitors, and the mixed lot of social welfare and labor operatives usually credited with originating the Wagner Act, Teagle and Swope helped prepare the National Labor Relations Act, the cornerstone of all subsequent U.S. labor policy. In concert with many other top-level corporate executives, the same dynamic duo helped write and support the Social Security Act. And as prominent representatives of leading firms in income-elastic industries, they supported expansionary Keynesian budget policies as a way out of the Depression in the famous fiscal policy debate of the late 1930s.

These stabilizing social welfare initiatives, however, by no means exhaust the New Deal's significance for the advanced sectors of American business. The Interstate Oil and Gas Compact fixed prices for a generation in the highest of the high-technology industries, while Roosevelt's drive to lower tariff barriers, executed in stages after 1934, enchanted American financiers and high-technology firms. The latter move roused enthusiasm even from the House of Morgan, whose unique position in American banking had been destroyed by the earlier Glass-Steagall Act (to the great advantage of other investment banks and the Chase National Bank, whose president, Winthrop Aldrich, was the most important force behind the act).

Taken all together, these measures enabled Roosevelt to square the circle and successfully dramatize himself as the guardian of all the millions—both people and fortunes. They explain why, in the critical 1936 election, he garnered broad financial and organizational support from a glittering array of high-level business officials and individual firms. Prominent among these were Teagle's Jersey Standard, Standard of California, Texaco (more ambiguously); a host of legendary independent oilmen, including Clint Murchison, Sid Richardson, Charlie Roesser and John Paul Getty; a veritable Milky Way of (non-Morgan!) investment banking stars, including Averell Harriman of Brown Brothers Harriman, Sidney Weinberg of Goldman Sachs, John Milton Hancock of Lehman Brothers and James Forrestal of Dillon Reed, and top management figures from General Electric, Zenith, International Harvester, Coca-Cola, the Bank of America and Manufacturers Trust. Last, if scarcely least, was the firm which incarnated multinational oil and international banking, the Chase National Bank. In amusing counterpoint to the "malefectors of great wealth" theme, Chase tided the Democratic National Committee over a period of notorious financial stringency with a $100,000 loan.

Though in the end it not only prevailed but flourished, the dominance of the high-technology free-trade bloc in American life should not be exaggerated. Powerful opponents menaced it on both flanks. On the left, radical and even merely aggressive labor unions shadowed it enough to keep the top management of many large firms sentimental

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Republicans, even as they increasingly became operational Democrats. On the right, there was a massive, affluent and totally committed—because mortally threatened—group of protectionist, generally labor-intensive industries harshly opposed to anything that smacked of the New Deal.

The threat from the left was met with a two-track strategy. The first track was the manipulation of the A.F.L. to undermine the growing strength of the more radical C.I.O. As Sidney Lens observes in his book *The Labor Wars*, this was typically done through "backdoor" contracts, which blunted C.I.O. organizing drives by awarding bargaining representation rights to the more docile A.F.L. unions. Where the C.I.O. tide could not be stemmed, government and industry promoted "moderate" labor leaders to head up strong, bureaucratically administered unions. In one striking effort at building up the more tractable Phillip Murray in place of John L. Lewis in the United Mine Workers union, Roosevelt personally advised U.S. Steel and the great bank that importantly influenced it, J.P. Morgan & Co., to grant wage increases. Administration of World War II labor policies had the same object. And the lugubrious involvement of the A.F.L.-dominated A.F.L.-C.I.O. with the Central Intelligence Agency and all manner of superpatriotic gore is too well known to require additional comment.

Subduing the right was more difficult. Indeed, if one considers the recent history of the Republican Party, the effort might be adjudged a long-run failure. But from a less sweeping perspective, there is no doubt that the deepest impulse of U.S. foreign economic policy since World War II has been toward freer trade. One source of the burgeoning support for this policy was doubtless the decision by some once fiercely protectionist industries, notably chemicals, to go multinational and invest in Europe. But it is abundantly clear that another buttress of the new expanded structure of world trade was the large foundations and policy research institutes. Some of these, including the Brookings Institution, the Council on Foreign Relations, the Twentieth Century Fund, or the various Carnegie, Rockefeller and Sage Funds, antedated the New Deal. But even back then, they shared one outstanding characteristic. For directors or staff, no textile, steel (unless Morgan-dominated U.S. Steel) or other protectionist industry figures need apply. From the start, these organizations made little effort to involve "business as a whole." They were instruments of the free-trade-oriented foreign policy community.

In the New Deal they acquired new importance. Although not all the big foundations and policy institutes were as advanced as the Twentieth Century Fund (nor, save for the Council on Foreign Relations, were their policy initiatives as influential), none were implacably opposed to the New Deal for long and most were cautiously supportive, especially of free trade.

Brookings, which for years had on its board Frederick Delano, F.D.R.'s uncle and a former railroad magnate who also served as treasurer of the Carnegie Endowment and deputy chairman of the Federal Reserve Bank of Richmond, was perhaps the most restrained of the large policy institutes in its enthusiasm (always excepting the then nationally-oriented Conference Board). In the 1940s this brought it some strong criticism from influential business figures, including the young David Rockefeller, who felt some of its studies were biased. But by the 1950s, Brookings, along with the Council on Foreign Relations and the Committee on Economic Development (formed in the 1940s) came to embody perfectly the high-technology free-trade synthesis. It became a place that brought businessmen and professionals together to celebrate free trade and discuss administered reform for and of the poor.

The importance of these links to professionals has been insufficiently appreciated, as has their role in securing the New Deal coalition. We would be the last to deny the significance of an organization such as the Business Council, the Big Business group organized during the New Deal (it grew out of a smaller circle that had met informally for about a year) to provide formal, high-level channels for Big Business input into government. No organization should be underrated that pressured Richard Nixon into adopting price controls (see *Dun's Review*, December 1976) or whose chairman was among the handful of people Lyndon Johnson called to ask for support while still in flight from Dallas after President Kennedy's assassination.

But the Business Council is organized deliberately to represent large firms across the spectrum, and so must tread softly around critical issues like free trade which divide big firms. Even more important, the Kafkaesque atmosphere of near-total secrecy that shrouds its closed deliberations with high-level government officials makes it unsuitable for openly lobbying Congress or winning public support over long periods of time.

By contrast, the great cumulative influence exercised by Brookings, the Committee on Economic Development, the Council on Foreign Relations, et al., was critically dependent on the business-professions nexus they institutionalized. With the enormous expansion of bureaucratic forms of control in the New Deal, this nexus became a crucial arena of power. These institutions redefined the aspirations and subtly affected the activity of the entire new administrative, scientific and technical class of credentialed professionals. By transmitting and amplifying business definitions of problems, and implicitly accepting commercial criteria for solving them, these organizations projected the high-technology free-trade synthesis to the most remote corners of American life, into universities, schools, churches and the press, places that would never credit a Brookings study signed by the Brookings Board of Directors instead of by a scholar.

While money remains the foundation of the foundations, the achievement transcends "mere" dollars, for high-technology industries have so far managed to escape the taint that shadowed the earlier industries of the Industrial Revolution. Whether defining the terms of budgetary debate at Brookings, promoting investment tax incentives at the Committee on Economic Development, or assessing alternative U.S. global strategies at the Council on Foreign Relations, their subalterns conceive of themselves as honoring human creativity rather than brute, insensible effort, as acting in the service more of science than of wealth.

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Now, at the close of the 1970s, problems loom for these institutions. Like the New Deal synthesis itself, they are breaking down. Accustomed to solving the problems of a policy coalition that took for granted its control of both technology and the world economy, they have trouble adjusting when these conditions no longer apply. In the usual manner of organizations confronting novelty, they have merely added wrinkles to existing progams. They have largely failed to address the new patterns of conflict in the business community generated by a restructured world economy, regulatory and consumer challenges, technological obsolescence and declining productivity, worker disaffection and spiraling energy costs.

Our next few columns consider their competition, the policy organizations set up precisely to deal with the 1980s. □

# Gush Emunim

*(Continued From Front Cover)*

outposts by bringing down Begin's coalition Government. On a recent visit to Israel, I talked to some of them in their West Bank homes. What I heard did not make me optimistic about the future.

One of the first Gush Emunim settlements to gain formal recognition from the new Begin Government was Ophra, which had been given de facto recognition by the Labor Government in May 1976 after Gush Emunim members had successfully but illegally planted themselves on the soil of the rocky terrain. Built on the remains of a former Jordanian Army base, Ophra lies twenty minutes north of Jerusalem and only five minutes away from Arab Ramallah. The land is truly beautiful, but it is not empty. Surrounding the Israeli settlement are fields that are farmed by villagers from the neighboring Arab towns. The Book of Joshua mentions the existence of a Hebrew settlement called Ophra. The people who now live in Ophra say they have come to rebuild the ancient Jewish town. But they have settled in the wrong place. They know that biblical Ophra is now occupied by an Arab village, but they have settled as close by as they could. Ophra means "doe" in Hebrew; in Arabic it closely resembles the name of a mythological demon. Long ago, the Arabs purged the monster when they renamed their town Taibe, meaning "good."

As Begin promised, Ophra has prospered during the two and a half years of his rule. In that short time, the Gush Emunim settlers have transformed the abandoned military camp into a small village of box-shaped one-story garden apartments, a place that sixty families, about 300 people, now call home. Wells have been dug, electric lines hung, telephones installed. The road that wraps about and through the settlement connecting it to the main highway has been paved. Walkways of concrete have replaced the mud paths. The influx of new buildings, made possible by governmental grants, has given the settlement a helter-skelter shape. The synagogue, the only building with bars on its windows (a mark of its former service as a Jordanian barracks), no longer stands in the center. The dormitories at the top of the hill, which housed a yeshiva when Ophra was first established, are now leased to the Nature Society, which brings Israeli schoolchildren to the West Bank on outings. The yeshiva has moved on to Beth-el, a nearby Gush Emunim settlement established soon after Anwar el-Sadat's arrival in Jerusalem. The cluster of trailers just beyond the hill, along the main road, which once housed a *garin*, or nucleus, of Gush Emunim activists waiting for permission to occupy a new site, is gone. The occupants have since taken possession of nearby Shiloh, whose establishment in the guise of an archeological dig in March 1977 sparked a crisis in Israeli-American relations.

In short, Ophra looks like a new kibbutz or *moshav* within the borders of Israel proper. While all the elements that go into the settlement's social foundation can be found in "mainland" Israel, Ophra represents a unique form of settlement: although it has a strong community life and structure, it is not a collective or cooperative farm. The land, which belongs to the Kingdom of Jordan, has been turned over to the settlers by the Israeli military government which administers it in the absence of Israeli sovereignty. The buildings, built by the Israeli Government, are owned by a corporation to which all members belong. They pay rent to the corporation, which in turn provides them with basic services and community social activities, such as courses in Arabic, homemaking, Torah and arts and crafts. There is a democratic procedure for community decisions. Although many of the members are graduates of the B'nai Akiva youth movement, which encourages its members to settle in religious kibbutzim, the people of Ophra do not live collectively. "A religious kibbutz is a redundancy," says one member. "Our religion provides all the social ethics we need." The local industries, mostly subsidized by Government grants and loans, include chicken coops, beehives, dye-making and metal shops, a data processing firm and a mushroom farm that is being built on the settlement's northeast corner. More than half the members, however, work in the big cities of Tel Aviv or Jerusalem, giving the lie to their claim of being "pioneers" in the classic mold of the founders of Israel's original kibbutzim. There is a school, part of the state-supported religious educational system, that teaches the local children until the fifth grade, after which they ride the school bus to Jerusalem. There is a clinic, supported by the National Federation of Labor's health fund, to provide for the sick. Until recently, the members of Ophra did not pay income tax since, technically speaking, they do not work within the borders of Israel. Angry at the implications of this situation, they have insisted and have since been allowed to pay their taxes, just like their fellow Israelis in Tel Aviv or Jerusalem.

I first visited Ophra in November 1977 when Sadat was in Jerusalem. I wanted to measure the impact of the Egyptian leader's magnanimous step. I returned a year and a half

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later the night the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty was being signed in Washington. The ceremony had been scheduled to take place during Middle Eastern prime time, and throughout Israel television sets shone blue as Israelis gathered to watch the historic occasion. But not in Ophra. Were it not for the wedding of two of their comrades that night, the settlers told me, they would be in mourning. Like their Arab neighbors who had shut their windows, closed their shops and declared a general strike to protest the agreement, the people of Ophra felt betrayed by the treaty. Jewish law forbids a wedding to be postponed even for a funeral, so the marriage ceremony took place as planned. Security was reinforced for the evening because the settlers feared that the neighboring Arabs, thinking the festivities were for the peace treaty, might come to cause trouble.

Upon arriving, I went straight to the home of Uri and Yael Elitzur. I had spent a good deal of time with them during my first visit to Ophra. They are both sabras, born in Israel, and educated in the state religious schools and the B'nai Akiva youth movement. They met while serving in the Nachal, the paramilitary settlement wing of the army. In their early 30s, they have four children. Uri is a slight but intense man of dark complexion. He was a full-time worker for Gush Emunim, heading its settlement department, when I first met him. He has since resumed his career as a mathematics teacher in a Jerusalem high school. Yael, fair and plump like most of the settlement women, is more volatile than her husband. She takes care of the young children most of the day, but works part time occasionally to supplement the family's meager income. Their four-room apartment is sparsely but tastefully and neatly furnished. There are a television and an electric heater in the living room, a phone in the bedroom and a refrigerator and stove in the kitchen. The few books in the house are mainly religious, with a sprinkling of titles dealing with Israeli military and political history. "Don't think we haven't made a big personal sacrifice to come here," said Yael. But the couple have not given up their apartment in Jerusalem, from which they have earned enough money for Uri to buy a car to commute each day to that city.

Six months after Begin's election, the Elitzurs had been quite proud of their new Prime Minister, but with Sadat's visit they had begun to have their first doubts. "There are some who think Begin is not doing enough or all that he could for us," Uri had said, "but he is one of us nonetheless and we should be patient with him." The events of the past two years have confirmed their initial fears and doubts, pushing them over into the opposition to Begin's Government. Uri designed one of the most widely distributed Gush Emunim posters produced against the Camp David agreements. Under a bold red caption reading "Beware Autonomy," the poster shows Uri and his family having their identity papers checked by a mean-looking mustachioed Arab policeman decked out in a Palestine Liberation Organization uniform with a rifle slung over his shoulder.

Although I came to watch them watch television on this historic night, Uri and Yael had no interest in turning on the set. "Why should we?" asked Yael. "This is not the first time something is being done that is going to end in disaster." Leaving me to watch by myself, they went to visit the bride, who is Yael's best friend.

When they returned that night, it was late, but they agreed to talk politics anyway. "I am not the smartest person in the world," Yael began, "but I do have eyes and ears and what I see and hear is that Begin has sold us out. We helped put him in power because he said he would enlarge Jewish settlements. So where are they? There are none because the Americans are opposed. Begin has given the Americans and the Egyptians everything. Walking on all fours, he has made us feel humiliated."

The Elitzurs are convinced that the new Egyptian-Israeli treaty will lead to war. They remain unpersuaded that Sadat's peace initiative represents anything more than a change of strategy; he is still working for Israel's destruction, they believe. They feel vulnerable. They see themselves facing a situation similar to that which confronted their parents in the 1930s under the British Mandate. They believe that the Arabs are on the brink of revolt; they see Begin as an Ernest Bevin, denying Jewish territorial sovereignty and blocking immigration into the Jewish homeland, and they claim that the Israeli Army, like the British Mandate force, refuses to protect them from their belligerent Arab neighbors. The analogy may be inexact, not in the least because Jewry is not now faced with a Nazi holocaust, but it does reflect the extent of their fear and panic.

"Under Begin's autonomy plan we are going to return to the 1930s and the days of the Arab rebellion," Yael said almost frantically. "There will be riots, people will be killed,

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the Arab police force will arrest us." Uri added, "Arafat will come to power with less strength than it took for Ayatollah Khomeini to take over Iran. Begin is a lawyer. He does not know the real situation here. He only knows how to fight over words. He thinks that just because he says there will be no Palestinian state, that this makes certain it will not happen.

"Up until now," he continued, "there has been peace on the West Bank because the Arabs know we are strong and will not tolerate any rebellious actions. The average Arab will only go on the offensive when he thinks he has a real chance of winning. The Arab Higher Committee was able to rally the masses to revolt in 1936-39 because they knew the British were on their side against the Jews. With the autonomy plan, the pullback of the army, and the international sentiment behind creation of a Palestinian state, they see we are weak and that this is their chance to get rid of us. If we defend ourselves, the world will attack us."

When I asked Uri what will happen to the Arabs who live on the West Bank if he gets his wish and the territory is annexed to Israel, he replied, "I do not hate the Arabs. But this land is meant for the Jews. The Arabs can live here as long as they understand that we are the boss." He is not happy, however, with the activities of Rabbi Meir Kahane, the former leader of the Jewish Defense League, who has immigrated to Israel and advocates packing the Arabs on buses and shipping them across the border to secure Israel's Jewish majority. Yet he is ominously vague about the future: "If you say that we should not annex the West Bank because it would be wrong for a Jewish minority to rule an Arab majority (at least until we bring enough Jews here), then you should know that this is exactly the same argument that was used against the Zionist movement before there was a state of Israel. Well, God took care of that problem in 1948, and I believe he will look out for His people again."

Like most members of Ophra, Uri now carries a gun when he leaves the settlement. "The Arabs know that I am armed, so they leave me alone." So far, he has not had to use his weapon and he says that he hopes he never will, but the recent escalation of tensions between Arabs and Jews on the West Bank makes him fearful of the times ahead.

Since Camp David, the people of Ophra complain that when they drive to and from Jerusalem they often find their way obstructed by flaming tire barricades erected by Arab schoolchildren, who stone the cars as they slow down to pass by. They claim that the military authorities do nothing to protect them or to punish the offenders, and so they have been forced to take the law into their own hands. In March, when President Carter was in Jerusalem trying to urge Begin to sign the draft treaty with Egypt, a squad of settlers from Ophra entered el-Bireh, a suburb of Ramallah, armed and angry. Two Israeli women had been injured by Arab rock throwing, and they were fed up with the military authorities' failure to do anything about the tire barricades. They ordered the local children at gunpoint to remove the barricades, then went looking for the stone throwers. "Yes, Israeli adults forced Arab children at gunpoint to take down those barricades," Uri said. "But didn't that prevent someone from getting hurt?" The entire operation had been filmed by Israeli and foreign television stations, but Uri insists that the media misreported the incident. "We are accused of being monsters, of being obstacles to peace, but all we really want is to live quietly in our homeland." He admitted, however, that what happened in el-Bireh was not an isolated incident.

The morning after the Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty was signed, the following notice appeared on the Ophra community bulletin board: "Women of Ophra: Recent developments have reminded us of the need for all women to be prepared to handle a weapon. For this reason we have organized a short course stressing the use of a gun rather than its care. All women are asked to register for this course immediately." That same evening, I returned to Jeruslem with a member of Ophra, a former American from upstate New York. Driving toward Ramallah, we saw three Arab boys sitting alongside the road. As our car passed them, they hurled stones at us. But it was dark, their aim was bad and the driver did not notice. A glint of metal caught my eye as I turned around. On the floor, tucked under the driver's seat, was a loaded rifle.

The Arab village closest to Ophra is called Silwad, which lies about one kilometer northeast of the settlement. About 6,000 people live in Silwad; another 6,000 live abroad sending money home to their relatives and hoping to return someday and build their homes in the village of their birth. Much of the land that frames Ophra's borders is owned by residents of Silwad. The Mayor, Musa Mahmoud Musa, laughs when I tell him that the settlers say they are afraid of his villagers. "How can they be afraid of us? They have arms; they have an army to back them up. We have no guns, no military, nothing. We are completely defenseless."

The Mayor was glad to talk about Ophra and the dangers it posed to the lives and land of the people of Silwad. He told me about an incident that happened not long after Ophra was formally recognized by the Israeli Government. The settlers had attempted to expand their boundary onto the land of their most immediate Arab neighbor. Rushing to the site, Musa asked the man working the bulldozer that was tearing up the family's fruit trees to stop, but the driver refused, claiming that he took orders only from the Mayor of Ophra. When Musa approached his Jewish counterpart, the Israeli drew a pistol and warned, "If you do not get out of here, I will shoot you." The following day, Musa returned with a delegation of mayors from neighboring Arab villages and an ABC-TV correspondent and found the Ophra settlers celebrating their new acquisition. "Go get your villagers," said the Ophra leader when he saw them arrive, "and we will see who is stronger." "Give us weapons and we will fight you," Musa replied.

The explosive situation was defused when Mayor Musa notified the Israeli military that he would bring the entire village of Silwad to sit down on the disputed land unless it was restored to its owners. The soldiers ordered the settlers away, and the trailers were removed. But a week later, they occupied some land on the opposite side of the same Arab's house. When Musa complained to the Israeli authorities, they told him that this land belonged to the former Jorda-

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nian Army base and that Ophra had a legal right to it. He returned with the deeds to prove that the land belonged to the Arab family. The issue has never been officially resolved, although the settlers have gone ahead and cleared the land of its fig trees and grapevines and taken possession.

After hearing this story, I went with an Arab interpreter to visit the family whose land Mayor Musa said had been taken. The box-shaped stone house perched directly next to Ophra's driveway is owned by Mohammed Ibrahim al-Hindi, a bus driver who lives there with the fifteen members of his extended family. Born in Haifa, he fled during the 1948 war as a refugee to Jordan and, after the war, paid 2,000 Jordanian dinars (about $6,000) for approximately one acre of land. Today his property would be worth about six times as much as he originally paid for it, but he is no longer in possession of most of it. Over the past three years, the Ophra settlers have gradually extended their barbed-wire fences onto his land, leaving him in possession of only a small patch next to the house on which to park his bus in the evening. This was the land the Mayor had saved from Ophra.

Al-Hindi was not at home when I came to visit, but I spoke to his wife, who out of traditional deference to her husband declined to give me her first name. As we sipped Turkish coffee in little cups on her second-story terrace, she told me that during the Camp David talks schoolchildren painted the slogan "Long Live Free Palestine" on the house. That night she was awakened at 2 A.M. by her Israeli neighbors, who ordered her to remove the offending graffiti immediately. On another occasion, when she went to pick weeds for her rabbits on a section of land she claimed Israelis had taken, they threw her off. Still, members of Ophra do sometimes come over on friendly visits, and she offers them coffee. She has visited a family there only once, and her young daughters do not play with the Jewish children. They say they are afraid to go to Ophra.

As we were talking, Ophra's only other neighbor, Hamed Hassan Essa, came over to join us. Recently returned from Brazil where he had worked for twelve years before earning enough to return home, he bought the big house directly facing Ophra on the other side of the street. He would like his brother to build his home on the large expanse of property he now owns, but the military government has told him that he is forbidden to build on his land. He was not offered any official order or explanation, but when he began to erect a retaining wall near his home, he was ordered to tear it down. He fears that what has happened to the al-Hindis will soon happen to him. Aside from coveting his land, the people of Ophra make bad neighbors, he said. They trespass on their Sabbath strolls and trample on his vegetable patch.

"I do not want to sell my land," al-Hindi's wife said sadly. "I want it for my children." Suddenly she was interrupted by a loud screech and looked up startled. The electric generator of Ophra had just been turned on.

The people of Ophra deny that they have done anything illegal to their Arab neighbors. The Arabs are squatters, they say. All the land involved, they claim, was part of the royal Jordanian property, which is now administered by the Israeli military. Land ownership on the West Bank, as in the entire Middle East, is an extremely complicated affair.

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Because land is considered a public resource, the land itself is not sold, only the right to work it. Deeds are rarely used; whoever has worked the land for three years is generally considered the effective owner. The Israeli Supreme Court recently ruled that the military government has the right to expropriate private Arab land for Israeli settlements when vital to Israeli security, which the army must insure. But in the case of Ophra (unlike Elon Moreh, where the seizure order was ruled illegal), there was no official expropriation; the Arabs claim that the land was just taken. When I asked a military government spokesman what the exact legal borders of Ophra were, he declined to reply.

In October, however, Begin's settlement policy received a serious setback when the Israeli Supreme Court ruled against the legality of Elon Moreh and ordered the government to return the requisitioned land to its owners. To mitigate the unpleasant political consequences of enforcing a decision he strongly opposes, Begin has reaffirmed his devotion to the settlers' cause by offering them a new site. He also announced plans for the creation of thirty-one new settlements on the West Bank. At a time when inflation is running at a startling 150 percent and the Government has committed itself to massive cutbacks in spending to check the inflationary cycle, the proposed new settlements reveal the incredible price Begin is apparently prepared to pay for his commitment to make the West Bank part of Israel. Deputy Prime Minister Simha Ehrlich, who as the former Finance Minister is in a good position to judge his country's economic capabilities, angrily rejected the idea, calling it "an unrealistic plan invented to placate Gush Emunim."

Presiding over a shaky Government, a crumbling economy and a resurgent Labor Party, Begin, apparently anxious to avoid a confrontation with Gush Emunim, has extended the deadline by which the settlers must leave Elon Moreh. But Gush Emunim appears eager for a fight and the settlers have refused to budge. Upon hearing of the court's decision on Elon Moreh, one of the settlers is said to have remarked, "If democracy means restricting our right to settle Eretz Israel then maybe we should have less democracy." Now, however, Gush Emunim is prepared to use the democratic process to launch a frontal assault on the Begin Government. In October, its leaders joined with extreme right-wingers from a variety of parties to form a new political party called Techiyah (Renewal) dedicated to toppling the Begin Government, which it now considers the prime obstacle to the immediate establishment of Israeli sovereignty over the West Bank. Techiyah is exerting a good deal of pressure on members of the National Religious Party to desert the coalition Government. Many members of the Likud are sympathetic to Techiyah, but so far the party has wooed away only two Knesset seats. The party's significance lies less in its immediate electoral power, however, than in its future potential as a grass-roots neofascist movement. "Their common denominators are cultural despair and the blind 'patriotism' they call love of the land of Israel," wrote columnist Amos Eilon, reporting on the movement's founding convention. "Once again there was something in the air loaded with violence, both physical and verbal, which, against the backdrop of the growing inflation, could remind old-timers and those with long memories of the Weimar Republic. Even the name of the movement conjures up *Deutschland Erwach.*"

For now, the real danger of Gush Emunim lies not in Jerusalem but on the West Bank, where its most committed members are located; a visitor to their settlements cannot ignore the hints of insurrection that bristle in their speech and deeds. When, in October, a Cabinet committee refused to accept Ariel Sharon's plans for expansion of several Gush Emunim settlements because they required the confiscation of private Arab land, members of Ophra angrily protested that the Government was "fencing them in." Tearing down their fences, they paved a dirt road to a rocky hill half a kilometer from the settlement, and erected a gigantic tent and a tin hut. Only after Defense Minister Ezer Weizman promised the settlers that he would recommend the confiscation of land needed for their settlement did they retreat. No sooner had the truce been declared, however, than the Israeli settlers of T'koa, about twenty kilometers south of Jerusalem, tore down their fences. Over and over again the settlers maintain that nothing short of force will make them leave; unlike the settlers in the areas evacuated for the Egyptians, they insist they will not accept monetary reparations to secure their acquiescence to the "castrating of the homeland."

Increasing incidents of violence have seriously affected the ability of the military government to maintain law and order on the West Bank and have made many Israelis fearful of a full-scale Arab rebellion, sparked by a Gush Emunim provocation or the creation of a new settlement on the West Bank. As the era of Israel's "benign occupation" draws to a close on the West Bank, the Begin Government is finding itself increasingly besieged by its former ally, Gush Emunim. □

# Cuba

*(Continued From Page 581)*

lively, and no one, despite the demands of a tight itinerary, succumbed to a flu currently plaguing the Cubans, which they have named, with topical wit, "Somoza's embrace."

Very little went wrong, and what changes in plan did occur resulted in serendipitous encounters, such as a short-notice stop at a country school in eastern Cuba rarely visited by tourists where about 500 junior high students greeted the group on the steps of the school.

Though some of the members of the tour were motivated to visit Cuba as much by sheer curiosity as nurtured solidarity, they were all received with warmth, candor and good will wherever they went, despite our Government's twenty-year history of outright hostility and the backstreet terrorism by anti-Castro exile groups aimed at undoing any progress made toward rapprochement. Obviously, no fourteen-day trip provides a complete picture of a country, let alone a revolutionary country, and a full picture of Cuba is, for any foreigner, probably impossible ever to obtain. The group, though, came home with enough memories and information to share and consider for days. □

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# BOOKS & THE ARTS.

## Articles of Faith

THEODORE ROSENGARTEN

IRON CAGES: Race and Culture in Nineteenth-Century America. *By Ronald T. Takaki. Alfred A. Knopf. 361 pp. $15.95.*

It is no secret that white America has treated dark-hued people horribly. Natives or immigrants, Indians, blacks, Asians, Mexicans, even swarthy Europeans—all, at one time or another, have been systematically robbed of their property, life, or labor. These outrages, however, do not justify the assault upon the English language waged by *Iron Cages*.

Ronald T. Takaki, a professor of history at Berkeley and an educator with a deservedly fine reputation, has written a bad book. Bad because it fails to enlighten or entertain, because it proclaims when it should argue, because it drifts recklessly amid unrelated ideas, characters and events. The voyage was well-intended—I do not say this condescendingly. Takaki seeks to make clear the relationship between national identity and race, and to describe how, in the nineteenth century, popular culture educated whites to equate their status and self-worth with the color of their skins. But whatever success he has had, whatever personal understanding he has come to, he does not get across. He *sounds* convinced, but of what I am not sure.

Takaki charts several courses of varying difficulty and sets out to take them all. He tries to "relate" the experiences of oppressed racial groups to one another; to "relate" racism "to the broad political, social and economic developments that occurred during this formative and crucial century"; to analyze "racial domination in America . . . in order to understand its relationship to the development of American culture," and to show how major "racial developments interfaced not only with each other but also with the republican ideology of the American Revolution (part 1 of this book), enterprise and the Market Revolution of the Age of Jackson (part 2), the emergence of American technology and industrialization or the transformation of the United States into the locus of the 'modern-world system' and the development of an urban industrial working class (part 3) and finally American expansion toward Asia (part 4)."

There is more. During the years under consideration, Takaki claims, "iron cages . . . emerged in American society as the self was placed in confinement, its emotions controlled, and its spirits subdued." First, in the national period, came "what may be called republican 'iron cages' to help Americans rule the emotional part of themselves." Then, in the Jackson years and later, came "the corporate 'iron cages' of bureaucratic capitalism." And, finally, with the rise of "overseas colonies and an awesome military complex with ties to the new industrial order, white Americans became imprisoned in an even more terrifying 'iron cage.'" This "iron cage" remains nameless. We are told only that it is "demonic in force and nature."

What were these "iron cages"? Could they be seen, or touched? Were they inventions of the age, along with dynamos, mechanical harvesters and sewing machines? Max Weber applied "iron cage" to the human condition in his vision of the last stage of culture. Takaki endows the metaphor with actuality. His "three 'iron cages' were not separate entitites." Well, they may not have been separate. They surely were not entities. "Iron cages" are constructs, helpful perhaps in expressing a state of emotional repression. They exist concretely only as articles of faith.

In the aftermath of the American Revolution, Takaki says, "patriot leaders" worrying "whether the people would be able to subdue their passions and shun luxury," "proposed the construction of what we have called the republican 'iron cage.'" Here are two rhetorical devices, not used consciously to deceive but which result in deceptions nevertheless. First, Takaki ascribes to patriot leaders a proposal to build an iron cage. Who among them proposed it? What words did he use? In this same paragraph, Takaki quotes D.H. Lawrence, Karl Marx and R.D. Laing; but the founding fathers are not heard from. Surely one of them could speak for himself. Second, by using the pontifical "what we have called . . ." Takaki lassoes the reader's assent and ties it to an unvalidated perception.

You could say that the sentence in question is merely an overstatement or a quirk of style. I would let it pass if it were the only one of its kind. But Takaki resorts to gimmicks and hyperbole again and again to give his pages an air of drama, of suspense, of hidden meanings. For example, he writes in the first chapter of the "Empire" section, "Like Henry Adams and Mark Twain, [Josiah] Strong saw that both civilization and progress were not without ambiguity." This is a meaningless statement, a small straw horse trotted out on stage to introduce a character. By the end of the book the poor beast must be tuckered out, for he has been ridden too many times. In one of the "Technology" chapters, Takaki declares, "Technology did more than destroy 'the traces of savage life'; it also transformed production and labor in America." This time, by bringing out a cart with the horse and putting the cart first, the author appears to have made a discovery and to be saying something new. Expressions like "did more than" and "not only" are used repeatedly to complicate simple statements.

Consider one more example, from many. "In his bifurcation of savagery and civilization, peoples of color and white Americans, and torpidity and technological progress, [Thomas Hart] Benton was able to reaffirm the values of enterprise and republican society. Yet, the very process leading toward reaffirmation could, in rare moments of reflection, recoil and open a way toward a criticism of American civilization. This happened to Richard Henry Dana. . . ."

This passage has some obvious faults, to the eye and the ear; but what I want to comment upon is the arrival of Dana out of nowhere. He materializes without benefit of a logical transition. He relates to the previous subject by contiguity—he simply is plopped down next.

All three examples illustrate weak or nonexistent transitions. All tend toward The Big Statement, toward a generalization or truism that excludes nothing, in which the elements of culture and society all relate to one another because they happen to exist in America in the nine-

*Theodore Rosengarten is author of* All God's Dangers: The Life of Nate Shaw *(Alfred A. Knopf).*

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teenth century. Takaki is right when he says that historians have fragmented the past and studied it in its parts. But the scale of his approach does not guarantee "an integrated analysis of the past." Nor do assertions that "iron cages" "dynamically interacted in an organic continuum," or that "white over black had an organic relationship to class divisions and conflicts forming within white society" excuse the historian from naming, defining and describing what he is talking about.

Precision and clarity matter! If you cannot trust an author's language, if you are uncertain that his words mean to him what they mean to you, how can you trust his message? All writers should strive for clarity, of course. Marxist writers have a particular burden and need to be especially careful. Words like *class*, *capitalism*, *dialectic*, *process*, *hegemony*, *ideology* have been saddled with as many meanings as there are people and regimes that have used them. Abused by political factions in what George Orwell calls "the defense of the indefensible," these words can no longer claim impartiality. They drop with a flat clunk, like false coins on a pavement.

Using the criterion of trust, the most satisfying parts of this book, the parts least encumbered by jargon and difficult English, are the brief biographies of American "culture-makers and policy-makers, or white men in positions of influence and power." These men, as a group, believed in white superiority, in the triumph of mind over instinct, in the necessary expansion of white authority over the resources of the world. Here is Thomas Jefferson, slaveholder to the end, a professed believer in the physical and mental equality of Indians with white people, yet one who plotted to remove or to reform them out of existence. Andrew Jackson, the most effective Indian remover of them all, follows close on Jefferson's heels.

At his best, Takaki views his subjects in ways we might have overlooked. We meet Benjamin Rush—signer of the Declaration of Independence, Revolutionary Army doctor, abolitionist, scholar and writer—under whom "science had become a tool of humanitarianism," proposing a "cure" for "the color in negroes." Or George Armstrong Custer, Civil War hero and famed Indian fighter who, Takaki observes, "shared a common fate" with his adversary "in a technological society." George Washington Cable, the Southern writer admired today for his progressive thinking in the volatile years following the Civil War, has been widely misunderstood, if Takaki is correct. Takaki finds in Cable's works a defense of white racial purity, a view of national unity without "hybridity" or even racial integration.

Other portraits have some fine strokes—that of Henry Hughes, Mississippi politician and writer, who devised the euphemistic vocabulary of "warranteeism" to talk about slavery; of Henry George, author of *Progress and Poverty* and a fomenter of anti-Chinese feelings; of Alfred Thayer Mahan, naval historian and architect of American expansion in Asia.

Nothing, however, binds these portraits to the rest of the book. Intended to "buttress" the chapters of "general analyses," they float loosely above them. This is because, at bottom, the book has no clear thesis. Jefferson, Jackson, Custer and company seem strangely isolated—from their countrymen as well as from Takaki's "analyses." Rush's medical scheme for dislodging the color from Negroes verged on lunacy; Custer hated the confinements of society as much as he needed to clear the West of Indians; Hughes could call slaves "warrantees" but everyone else knew them for slaves.

Men of power they were, to be sure; but history turned out to be the opposite of what they willed as often as it conformed to their wishes. They were men of learning, too; yet the racial ideas with which they justified their drives were biologically unsound and philosophically untenable. Takaki's attempt to forge a unity out of *their* intentions and the results of history could not succeed. We must look for the activity of the common people—who are notably absent here—in determining the national destiny. □

THE SOUND IN THE BASEMENT

One night a friend knocks at your door.
As he stands outside the light
he tells you,
"I've committed a crime."

So you take him by the hand,
guiding him down to the basement,
and there, among the bicycles and boxes
of old clothes, hide him.

You begin to eat less,
saving something from each meal;
a cold potato, a slice of pudding.
You hear him moving around

at night. He's reading your old letters,
he's getting to know you better
than yourself.
One day you go to tell him

everything is safe, but all you find
is the coat you wore as a child;
it is where you've thrown it years ago,
filled with darkness.

Marc Selvaggio

# Up From Leavisism

ERIC HOMBERGER

THE MOMENT OF SCRUTINY. *By Francis Mulhern. New Left Books. 354 pp. $24.*

RAYMOND WILLIAMS: POLITICS AND LETTERS. Interviews with New Left Review. *New Left Books. 444 pp. $27.50.*

F. R. Leavis was something of a Lorelei for British Marxists. Fascinated by his analysis of the decline of culture under capitalism, more than one effort was made (and this, significantly, was well before the period of the Popular Front) to build a bridge between the cultural

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radicalism of Leavis's *Scrutiny* and the Communist Party. Interesting consequences might have followed if the effort had succeeded. For one thing, there would have been no need to found the *Left Review*. Taking a longer view, the brilliantly successful co-opting of cultural "standards" by the Tories might never have occurred. Mrs. Margaret Thatcher might yet be leader of the opposition.

But of course Leavis said no, and the left was stuck with its might-have-beens and a pronounced ambivalence about the phenomenon of Leavis's career and his magazine. In Leavis's eyes there was no brilliant success. He felt *Scrutiny* had been a failure—that the values which it sought to defend had not prevailed. It was no consolation to be patted on the back by Marxists and told gently he was wrong. The pessimism of *Scrutiny* as it surveyed an enfeebled culture yielded eventually to a pessimism about *Scrutiny* and its mission. After the journal ceased publication in 1952, Leavis wrote to Storm Jameson that the end came

> . . . because I am beaten. . . . The immediate cause of death is the impossibility of holding anything like an adequate collaborating team in the field. But the radical cause is my utter defeat at Cambridge. To run a review and a one-man "English School" (the two going essentially together) in ostracism —no it couldn't be done forever. People flatter me about my "influence," but it has failed to get me a glimmer of recognition at the place where above all it matters.

In the end, Cambridge, "the place where above all it matters," was unwilling or unable to resist the "accelerating drift" of cultural debasement, commercialism and Americanization. In the Clark lectures, delivered in Cambridge in 1967 and published as *English Literature in Our Time and the University* (1969), Leavis concluded that Cambridge was "no longer a centre of life and hope."

Doom-laden social prophecies such as Pound's *Cantos* and Eliot's *Waste Land* were common enough between the wars, and Communists, with their own lexicon of decay and putrescence, were not immune to such attitudes. What attracted the left to Leavis was that it shared a crucial assumption with *Scrutiny* that the root of the cultural crisis lay in capitalism. This helped obscure the irreconcilable difference between *Scrutiny* and the left over culture itself. *Scrutiny* offered to account for culture in terms of continuity and tradition, and was much less iconoclastic in the cultural values it located than in its indictment of the forces which were cutting modern society off from its cultural roots. At the heart of the *Scrutiny* position was an apprehension that culture and civilization were becoming separated from each other. In that case, it was clear to Leavis that culture would have to be defended against *everything* in civilization which threatened it. The messianic and utopian tendencies within Marxism, from which sprang hopes of cultural renewal and dreams of a proletarian culture, did not interest Leavis. Culture was already inscribed in the texts of a 600-year-old literary tradition, not something to be created anew. Thus the potential dialogue with the Marxists ended, with more regret on the left than in the pages of *Scrutiny*.

After the war there was a brief attempt to renew the radical vein of *Scrutiny*'s early years. Raymond Williams, Wolf Mankowitz and Clifford Collins published *Politics and Letters* (1947-48) and *The Critic* (1947), two regrettably short-lived periodicals which sought to reconnect left politics with Leavisite criticism. The division of labor between the two journals, begun simultaneously, was a symptom of the difficulty of the enterprise. *Politics and Letters* was meant to be concerned with the relations between art and society. *The Critic* was more exclusively literary. Though excellent contributions appeared from *Scrutiny* contributors such as D.J. Enright, D.W. Harding and H.A. Mason, and though a distinguished group of other writers (R.P. Blackmur, George Orwell) were brought in, there was an unexplained disagreement among the editors and the journals folded. The problem was that *Scrutiny* criticism was not a value-free critical technique, available willy-nilly to left and right. Its procedures and assumptions narrowed the scope of permissible concerns. The attempt to reopen the question of politics produced an uneasy linkage between basically hostile approaches to the task of criticism. Raymond Williams was the most convinced Leavisite among the editors. His first book, *Reading and Criticism* (1950), was characteristic: the

*Eric Homberger, who was editor of the* Cambridge Review, *teaches at the University of East Anglia, England.*

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trained reader's unmediated response to the text defined the central area of critical activity.

Williams, who was then a tutor in adult extramural education, began work in the early 1950s on the tradition to which *Scrutiny* belonged: the line of radical and conservative critics who since the eighteenth century had made a "culturist" critique of industrialism. Finally published in 1958 as *Culture and Society 1780-1950*, it contained an unsympathetic account of Leavis. Williams wrote that the idea of the "organic community" was little more than a myth, an instance of urban nostalgia. But the cultural radicalism of Leavis, and the attention to such matters as newspapers and advertising in *Scrutiny*, seemed to Williams "wholly valuable."

Until quite late in the 1960s, *Scrutiny* criticism, if not its social values, were commonplaces on the left and elsewhere in British literary culture. With the rise of a New Left and an unprecedented openness to a wide variety of European Marxism (made possible in large part by the *New Left Review*), there was a perceptible change of attitude toward Leavis's work. Perry Anderson, editor of *NLR*, wrote a brilliant essay, "Components of the National Culture," in which he emphasized *Scrutiny*'s "close relation" to Marxism when it was founded in 1932, and the "permanent tension" between *Scrutiny* and the left throughout the 1930s. Anderson suggested that Marxism formed one of the intellectual poles against which *Scrutiny* defined itself. The other pole, hopelessly romanticized by Leavis, was Cambridge itself. Leavis's rejection of an abstract and schematic Marxism, and his idealization of Cambridge, produced in the end what Anderson described, in an unfortunate phrase not untinged with Zhdanovism, as a "delirious idealism." From the point of view of *NLR* there was nothing of the slightest use for the left in Leavis's criticism. This view is firmly held by most of the younger left critics in England today. In Terry Eagleton's *Criticism and Ideology* (1976) Leavis is a figure who responded to a vacuum in Britain's bourgeois ideology with a cultural program that effectively displaced the "political" by the literary. Eagleton's brief comments provide the conceptual framework for *The Moment of Scrutiny*.

Francis Mulhern's book argues that *Scrutiny* realized a project which had remained latent in British culture since Matthew Arnold: the creation of a "disinterested" intelligentsia and the erection of the study of literature as a privileged arbiter of social thought. Mulhern begins with the creation of the English Tripos (final examinations) at Cambridge in 1919, set against the social and political changes at work in Cambridge and in English society at large. A cohesive social elite was beginning to disintegrate. Between 1871 and 1931, the number of authors, editors and journalists expanded at a rate six times that of the growth of the population. Gissing's unemployed, dogeared bookmen were becoming a real factor in cultural life. The specific changes in the discipline of English which were made possible in Cambridge not only constituted a revolution in literary study but, in Mulhern's phrase, "a revolution *of* literary criticism against the palsied cultural regime of post-war England."

We cannot explain *Scrutiny*'s success in terms of the detailed positions which the editors and contributors argued out in its pages. Instead it was the attempt to create an intelligentsia within the educational system itself which made the difference. *Scrutiny* was written for teachers, and its greatest influence was felt within educational practice. Mulhern does not take this aspect of *Scrutiny* very seriously, and complains of a "general failure" in the journal to make any connection between "culture" and organized politics. He does not mean the "organized politics" of Stanley Baldwin and Ramsay MacDonald but those of the Communist Party. Can we say that *Scrutiny*'s rejection of Marxism was a failure? Given the nature of Stalinism, and the primitive state of Marxist theory in the 1930s, was there anything in Marxism of the slightest interest to a mind like Leavis's? Plekhanov on *Art and Social Life*? Ralph Fox on "The Relation of Literature to Dialectical Materialism"? Radek on "contemporary world literature" at the Soviet Writers Congress in 1934?

*Scrutiny*'s analysis of the dominant literary culture was, Mulhern argues, more radical, astringent and militant than anything that came out of the left in the 1930s. But its aim, as Mulhern makes abundantly clear, was to displace the political by the domain of culture within the general formation of British culture. Mulhern warmly praises the energy of *Scrutiny*, and drops more than one hint that the left should copy its "militant, committed, interventionist cultural practice," but he rejects the antipolitical tendency of *Scrutiny*'s discourse. This leads him to a conclusion which is at once too narrow and too sweeping:

> Literary criticism as it is mainly practised in England is in reality the focal activity of a discourse whose foremost general cultural function is the repression of politics.

Writing at a time when "repression of politics" has a highly significant meaning, it is particularly unfortunate that Mulhern should so weaken his case by overstatement. It is quite true that there is a pronounced resistance to politicization in many areas of British life, to the point where the antipolitical has the force of an ideology. But it is an older phenomenon, with deeper historical roots, than Mulhern suggests. Despite this, *The Moment of Scrutiny* is an important and valuable book. It is written with intensity and intelligence. On the central question of the place of *Scrutiny* in the "cultural formula" of bourgeois Britain, Mulhern has not had the last word—on the left, or on the right for that matter.

Raymond Williams's relations with Leavis and *Scrutiny*, since his abortive phase of "Left Leavisism," have been closer and more central to his interests than has usually been understood. Virtually all of Williams's books were written in response to what he took to be the assumptions of the "official culture," and for the whole of his writing career until the past decade, that "official culture" was strongly influenced by *Scrutiny*. Williams's book on culture and society dealt directly with the Leavisite tendency to use "culture" against democracy and socialism. *The Long Revolution* answered the sociological analysis of the situation of writers in modern British society offered by Q.D. Leavis in *Fiction and the Reading Public*. In *The English Novel from Dickens to Lawrence*, Williams rewrote Leavis's *The Great Tradition*. *The Country and the City*, which began in a series of seminar-debates held with an old Scrutineer, L.C. Knights, in Cambridge in 1966, comprehensively undermined the ruralist nostalgia and cultural mythology behind the idea of an "organic community." Williams's writings on communications and on television, although different in tone and intent, have their roots in the work of Leavis and Denys Thompson on newspapers and advertising. In opposition or affiliation, Williams has spent most of his intellectual career within the range of issues

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defined by Leavis and *Scrutiny*.

The shape of his engagement with *Scrutiny*, the complex fate of Cambridge critics, has to some extent obscured Williams's originality as a critic and his importance as a theoretician on the relations between culture and society. The decision of the editors of the *New Left Review* to interview him at such length is a signal tribute. The interviewers, who include Perry Anderson and Francis Mulhern, are sharp-eyed, exceptionally well informed, and intellectually rigorous; it is a case of tutorial supervision neatly reversed.

Williams has moved steadily to the left, effecting a rapprochement with Marxism (though not with the Communist Party), and is perhaps the only writer in England since George Orwell in 1937 whose description of himself as a revolutionary socialist is not greeted with yawns or derision. He came up to Trinity to read English in 1939 from a Welsh working-class family. Joining the Socialist Club and the Cambridge Union, he soon became a prominent figure on the Cambridge left. The tone of the Cambridge left was upper class, and the artistic tastes were close to Bloomsbury. To be a reader of Joyce and an admirer of *Dr. Caligari* was, he remembers, "virtually a condition of entry to the Socialist Club." The richly cultivated proletarian style of a John Cornford, who was born into the heartland of the English intellectual aristocracy, was not particularly attractive to the son of a Welsh railway guard. But there were advantages to such a background, even in Cambridge. After a series of impressive speeches at the Union, Williams was invited to join the Communist Party. "How much does it cost?" A wonderfully deflating reply.

Williams was commissioned in the Army at the age of 21, and served in the Guards Armoured Division which fought from Normandy to Hamburg and the Kiel Canal in ten months in 1944-45. He returned to Cambridge and took his degree in 1946. For the next fourteen years Williams taught adult education classes. He was an adept at Practical Criticism, and ruefully looks back at the way the "confident self-righteousness" of a Cambridge training taught him to "stick to the text." The unfolding narrative of *Politics and Letters* is his gradual emancipation from Leavisism. He now views Cambridge with "a kind of calm hostility," and his most pointed criticism of its intellectual habits concerns the tendency to abstract culture from historical process.

Many of Williams's students at Cambridge have made the same struggle against Leavisism, but have moved in a different direction, and it is on this development, the advent of a Lacanian-Althusserian-structuralist Marxism, that Williams's judgment is most severe. Most of the young Marxists in England have no interest in history. Their theoretical interests are formalist, to the point where Williams detects a "rabid idealism" on the left. His ambition now is to "properly return a poem to the condition of *its* production," but he resists a formal theorization of the means of (literary) production.

Williams would describe himself today as a Marxist, although a decade ago, writing about Herbert Marcuse in the *Cambridge Review*, he was not prepared to go that far. What he means by Marxism is a historical materialism without the dialectics, and with a substantial space left for "nontraceable" liberating impulses which cannot be accounted for through any of the traditional forms of determination. He wants a Marxism with a great deal of leeway built into it, and without the dissolving idealisms of semiotics or structuralism getting in on the act. His continued insistence that historical knowl-


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edge and personal political commitment are essential ingredients of the process of criticism is something one can only applaud. This view separates him as clearly from the Leavisite heritage of sticking to the text as it does from the glossy heights of Lacanian formalism; it is a terrain, a space, within which it is possible to do literary criticism without turning one's back on society. □

# ART

## LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

There is only one art gallery that you can enter beneath a mosaic by the veteran left-wing artist Anton Refregier. It belongs to the National Union of Hospital and Health Care Employees, District 1199, at their headquarters, the Martin Luther King Jr. Labor Center at 310 West 43rd Street, New York City. Around a central inscription, " 'If there is no struggle there can be no progress,' Frederick Douglass," is a ring of tranquil figures, symbolizing education and research. Their interlocking formality suggests the inevitability of historical forces more than the individual's need to struggle for change, but the mural is impressive—a smooth, sober example of Refregier's late style. It is located a block from the mural by the Cityarts Workshop recently discussed in this column *(The Nation*, November 10).

In the gallery there is a thematic exhibition, "The Working American," the most ambitious undertaking of the union's cultural program to date. It is part of a project called Bread and Roses, aimed at broadening members' awareness of the arts, according to Moe Foner, the executive secretary of District 1199. The show was organized in collaboration with the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service and supported by state and Federal funds. After New York (until November 24), it will be seen in Detroit (at the Historical Museum), at the University of Rochester, Rochester, New York, in Chicago (at the Historical Society), in Birmingham (at the Museum of Fine Art), in Trenton (at the New Jersey State Museum) and in Lexington, Massachusetts (at the Museum of Our National Heritage). This list suggests that the show is being treated as not quite an art exhibition: its documentary and historical dimension is emphasized by the character of most of the institutions to which it is traveling.

The exhibition is organized on an iconographical basis and it is this, at least as much as its pro-labor spirit, that has shaped the travel plan. The National Collection of Fine Arts includes in its Washington galleries a first-rate selection of social imagery from the period between the wars, but most museums and galleries favor stylistic and formal approaches over iconographical or narrative themes. Subject matter continues to be regarded as peripheral to the esthetic realm. By frankly declaring an ideological viewpoint, the union's show cuts across the visualist ordering that is the norm of most museums and university galleries.

Abigail Booth Gerdts, who was curator for the show, has divided it equally between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Among the earlier paintings there is an interesting typology of workers shown in the practice of their crafts: a blacksmith, a coppersmith and a printer depicted in their workplaces; and a scissors grinder, wood sawyer, flower seller and sweeper busy in the streets. The notion of craft-based characterization carries an implicit avowal of fixed stations in life, as is shown by Seymour Joseph Guy's "The Little Sweeper." Here a child stands on tiptoe to drink from a public fountain: it is a sentimental image of diminutive stature, but it is also an image of child labor, as is revealed by the broom leaning beside the child. In the twentieth century, pictures of individual workers are rare: they are replaced by images of group identity, as in Louis Charles Vogt's "Building the Queensboro Bridge," an evocation of physical power, and Philip Evergood's "Through the Mill," a panorama of factory routine. Jacob Lawrence's cubistic "Cabinet Makers" and Ernest Lawson's naturalistic "Fishermen" are alike in that both depict work in terms of shared, collective pattern.

Two works in the show are outstanding: Robert Koehler's "The Strike" (1886), and Honoré Sharrar's "Tribute to the American Working People" (1951). Koehler's painting is as precisely choreographed as a moral genre scene by Grueze, but in place of the good mother and the bad son is a confrontation between capital and labor. At the start of a strike the workers assemble before the classical portico of the office where the factory owner stands; the group is calibrated with precise shades of militancy, anxiety and hesitation. Sharrar's work is shaped like an altarpiece, a dominant central panel flanked by two pairs of smaller paintings, all characterized by precise detail and clear light. In the center a workman stands, as crystalline as a quattrocento saint, in front of the classical facade of a factory building which is punctured by regular windows revealing an interior honeycombed by men and machines.

The iconography of work is stretched at one point by the inclusion of a Charles Russell painting of cowboys roping cattle. It *is* a work scene, but it is first a Western scene derived from another figurative tradition. Iconographically, this storm of men and animals follows Delacroix's lion hunts and before him Rubens's, and before that Leonardo da Vinci's equestrian "Battle of Anghiari." To represent Russell's as a work scene is like taking a painting by, say, Jean-Léon Gerome of "The Guard of the Harem" and treating it as the image of an occupation, a job like any other. This example is taken from *The Orientalists* by Michelle Verrier (Rizzoli, 48 color illustrations, 104 pp. Paper $6.95), a picture book of French Salon artists of the nineteenth century. The Near East of the Orientalists accommodated an ideal of feminine submissiveness as subjectively based in its way as is the Western myth of male action. I mention the book as a reminder of the persistence of iconographical studies despite visualist resistance.

One sort of painting that is related to work imagery, however, is that of the realistic urban genre. Edward Lanning's "Fourteenth Street" (1931), in the present exhibition, with its collision of male construction workers and female shoppers, is a good example of the type, crowded with period detail but legible as a recurrent situation. The show is accompanied by a fully illustrated catalogue with a text by Patricia Hills. □

# FILMS

## ROBERT HATCH

*The Magician of Lublin*, directed by Menahem Golan from a screenplay he wrote in collaboration with Irving S. White, is "based on" the novel of that name by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Other locutions

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to the same effect are "adapted from" and "suggested by," all of them indicating that liberties, to progressively greater degrees, have been taken with the original text.

But the fact is that a film may hold faithfully to the main characters and incidents of a novel and yet lose the central meaning of the book. *The Magician of Lublin* is a case in point. It follows quite closely the externals of Singer's tale, which recounts the misadventures of one Yasha Mazur, a nineteenth-century stage magician, who is renowned in his native Poland for the excellence of his illusions and notorious because he has a faithful wife, two exigent mistresses and a widow whom he adores and who, by virtue of her virtue, has elicted from him a string of promises quite beyond his capacity to redeem.

Yasha Mazur's attempts to satisfy the conflicting demands of these several women—attempts that extract from him vainglorious boasts and arrant lies—provide the framework for Singer's story and the substance of the film. But they are not the substance of the book, which resides within Yasha's soul and which the movie betrays whenever it deviates significantly from the original. Raised and for the most part living among devout Orthodox Jews, Yasha is a man apart, to some extent because he is a professional entertainer, but principally because he ignores the observances of orthodoxy and publicly questions the very existence of God. But agnosticism is a cover, for in fact Mazur not only believes in God but is jealous of Him and would present himself as God's rival. The magician in him recognizes the magic of God's works. He professes great pride in his own skill and chafes because he has not attained the theaters of Western Europe. Secretly he despises his trade as a tissue of tricks sustained by agility, mere flummery by comparison with what God performs on the stage of the universe. Mazur becomes obsessed by the notion that somehow he can learn to fly—a feat, he thinks, of godlike grandeur, one to make the Rival notice the magician of Lublin.

This is not chutzpah; it is hubris, and from it Singer's book derives its tragic stature. Mazur, broken in body, stripped of his dream, humiliated in the eyes of men, submits himself to God, immuring himself in a hermit's cell and devoting his remaining days to scourging his soul. And by God's irony, he becomes thus a holy man, adored and importuned by the faithful who in earlier days had kept their skirts clear of his shadow.

The film attempts no such depth; it is a picaresque tale of rascality brought to book, and it has been given a new ending which, by permitting Mazur a final mystification, rounds off the chronicle with a laugh and invalidates Singer's intent. Its texture is more coarse than Singer's, its tone more contemporary despite the careful reconstruction of the physical environment. On its own terms it is a pleasing movie, boisterously performed by Alan Arkin in the title role and made enticing by the women who ensnare him—Louise Fletcher, Valerie Perrine, Linda Bernstein and Maia Danziger. Of these, Ms. Danziger, as the magician's assistant, makes the deepest impression, but each holds her own against Arkin's exuberant masculinity. It is a pity, though, because unnecessary, that Golan's version turns out to be so reductive of Singer's novel; nothing in the nature of film requires the smaller statement, and this important and serious book could have been made into a movie of similar stature. As it stands, it is an entertainment.

I haven't been to Coney Island for some time but, judging from *Board-*


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*walk*, it must be an eerie sight. The film's setting has one thing in common with the castle of Elsinore—there appears to be nobody around in what one would assume to be a well-populated place save those required for working out the drama. In the case of *Boardwalk*, these are principally the Rosen family, long residents of the community, and a gang of some five or six muggers, studiously integrated as to ethnic background but led by a large, obscenely swaggering black who is determined to drive the Rosens and their ilk from his turf. David and Becky Rosen (Lee Strasberg and Ruth Gordon), soon to celebrate their fiftieth wedding anniversary, are a loving couple surrounded by sons, a daughter and a handsome grandson just starting his career as a rock singer. They comprise a splendid Jewish family, warm, salty, self-reliant, quietly proud of themselves. David had fled Europe in his youth and, as he says, America has been good to him. He owns a large, welcoming cafeteria, a neighborhood fixture, where his boys work behind the counter and his widowed daughter attends the cash register. Good people; indeed, we are invited to bask in the glow of their excellence.

But now all this is threatened by a handful of hoodlums, who apparently constitute Coney Island's entire "criminal element." They threaten David and, when he resists, drag him under the boardwalk and beat him with a savagery you would have thought fatal to a much younger man. His convalescence is gratifyingly brief. After Becky dies during the anniversary party, David, for occupational therapy, appoints himself custodian of the synagogue and installs a handsome model train layout in his parlor. The young wreckers desecrate the temple, break into his house and destroy the old man's toy. The depredations of the gang have been so malignant that another couple commit suicide to escape them, but David is made of sterner stuff. After viewing the wreckage of his railroad, he marches out to the boardwalk, confronts his mockers and with his bare hands strangles to death the hulking leader of the pack, the others fleeing in panic from this spectacle of senior citizen wrath.

Lee Strasberg is perhaps our leading impersonator of tough, not to say acrimonious, old Jewish gentlemen, and Ruth Gordon is an actress of deep intuition. (In this case, her depiction of the sprightly fragility of old age is authentically moving.) Taken in isolation, their characterizations might be seen as instructive demonstrations of the performer's art. The supporting cast, in which Janet Leigh plays the daughter and Lillian Roth has a brief part, is also capable. But there is nothing this company can do to breathe conviction into the film. Stephen Verona, who directed from a script by himself and Leigh Chapman, lays on the sentimentality and the violence to make obvious points. He introduces a "respectable" black couple to show that he is no racist; he whisks the muggers on and off stage with such absurd abruptness—doing nothing to overcome the young actors' self-consciousness before the camera—that they seem about as substantial as the evil rats in Balanchine's *Nutcracker*. Small domestic dramas are trotted out to display the homely wisdom of Rosen, a man seasoned and sweetened by his long climb to security in the land of plenty. *Boardwalk* is not a story about real people; it is a concoction designed to exploit the preoccupations of a white, middle-class audience. For it is true that neighborhoods such as Coney Island have been debased and that street crime is a symptom of their decline. And it is true that ethnic groups in many American cities are bitter and fearful in their once well-established communities. The theme is valid for contemporary filming, but this shallow, calculatedly provocative and coldly sentimental treatment merely trivializes it. □

# THEATER

## HAROLD CLURMAN

The question to be asked on seeing Dennis McIntyre's *Modigliani* (Astor Place Theater) is whether its three principal figures—Modigliani, Utrillo, Soutine—would interest us if we did not know these were the names of world-renowned painters. They are presented as drunkards, drug addicts and nearly imbecilic innocents. We see them destroying rather than painting their canvases. What was significant about them is outside the play's framework.

Still, there is a degree of "romantic" excitement in this sketch of Modigliani and his friends' history: the play is not tedious. There is one pungent scene in which Modigliani, desperately in need of funds, attempts to act as salesman for several of his paintings to the high-powered art dealer, Cheron. Modigliani is frightened: he puts on a show of arrogant nonchalance and artistic hauteur. He demands the 50,000 francs that his pictures would command long after his death. Cheron offers 75. Modigliani is mortified. But the unkindest cut of all is when he hears that Picasso has acquired one of his canvases—a matter of utmost pride to him—only to be told that the master had scraped the daub off it and used the blank canvas for his own picture. Modigliani rips to bits the paintings he had brought for Cheron's purchase.

Utrillo's simple-mindedness—though a physical wreck, he tries to join the Army—Soutine's persistence in stealing chickens as models for his painting, Modigliani's resolve to have his mistress bear him a child so that he may leave something of himself after his death: all of these make momentarily arresting scenes. They are the stuff of popular biography, appealing to the kind of people who remember Van Gogh chiefly as the artist who cut off his ear and committed suicide in an insane asylum.

The play's point is that such miserable wretches continue to work at their art despite the hell of their dissipated lives—which somehow lends them glamour. But the sense of what they have actually accomplished in their work and the specific nature of its impulse are missing.

Yet the show holds, not only because of its bohemian extravagances but through the compact intensity of Allen Belknap's direction, the sharp thrust of Jeffrey De Munn's performance as Modigliani (especially in the scene with the art dealer), the discombobulation of Ethan Phillips's Utrillo, the acid understatement of Richard Seff's Cheron, and Paul Eads's collagelike setting of Paris in its hangdog aspect—a visual metaphor for the neglected of the great city.

Faults in its production mar the effectiveness of Bill Morrison's sound script for *Flying Blind*, about ordinary people in Belfast during its present turmoil (Harold Clurman Theater). The play is not, as some have taken it to be, intended as a farce. To regard it in that light is to suppose that the comic inanities in O'Casey's depiction of the Irish troubles of 1916 make *his* plays

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farcical. Morrison, to be sure, is not the equal of O'Casey but a similar vision informs *Flying Blind*.

We see a people caught in a maze of violence that they are unable to control and can barely understand. The disruption is buried deep in history and rages above the simple citizens' heads. Innocent people are mowed down, while many are engaged in a slaughter that in its very ineptness and stupidity often arouses bloodstained laughter.

The play is by no means partisan. People—both Protestant and Catholic—become embroiled without any sense of where the flow of events is taking them. But there is a marked difference between the situation in the Dublin of 1916 and that of Belfast as we see it in *Flying Blind*. In 1916 everyone understood that the issue was independence from Britain. In the later play, most of the people involved are, to begin with, typical of the politically discouraged middle class everywhere. They find no clear goal or cause which might stir hope in them. They would like to "opt out," as if they were resigned to future extinction.

There is a socialist lecturer in the play who protests against the bitter indifference of his friend, a salesman of pharmaceutical products, who immerses himself in Charlie Parker recordings to drown out the clamor of conflict outside. But the socialist is as impotent in his liberalism as the addled salesman is in his pessimism. Everybody tosses about without a clear aim or program. Their only recourse appears to be drink, rock and roll or popping off into sexual hanky-panky. It is this mixture of incompetent political, military and sexual thrashing about that makes the play meaningful as well as hilarious. *Flying Blind* transcends its Northern Irish boundary.

Successful in Liverpool and London, the play has suffered a setback here. This is not entirely the fault of thoughtless reviewing. Had technical faults, some miscasting and the failure to cut overlong passages been overcome by the author and the Liverpudlian director Christopher Bond, the play's intent might have been rendered more discernible. Still, there are some satisfying performances, and for all the production's deficiencies, I found *Flying Blind* a truly engaging play.

In 1963, Albert Louis Sachs, a 30-year-old lawyer, was arrested and held in solitary confinement under the "90 Day Law," which permitted the Government of South Africa to hold a person incommunicado in solitary confinement without trial or specific indictment for ninety days. The prisoner need only be suspected of anti-apartheid activity. If the Government did not find the prisoner responsive to its questioning, it was empowered to renew imprisonment for another ninety days, and so on.

Imprisoned, Sachs would answer no questions outside a court of law. He remained in custody for six months till he was forced by sleep deprivation to make certain admissions. He then left the country, and took up residence in England, where *The Jail Diary of Albie Sachs* was published. It has been adapted for the stage by David Edgar and is now to be seen at the Manhattan Theatre Club in an admirably gaunt production by Lynne Meadow.

The various officials and jailers in charge of Sachs treat him with cutting courtesy: he is, after all, an educated man and white. But the agony of soli-


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tude to which he is subjected is nonetheless acute to the point where he begins to lose his sanity. He is no revolutionary or militant but his intelligence, idealism and sense of kinship with the less fortunate—the blacks and the "colored"—whom we hear groaning under beatings in adjoining halls, keep him staunch almost to the very end. Yet he feels guilty for having yielded at all under torture, unworthy of those who hold fast and continue the struggle. The colored prisoner who whistled to him and to whom he responded in kind assures Albie that he will always be remembered for the brave stand he has taken.

The production avoids sentimentality and does not stress the situation's sadistic features. Still, to give the audience some notion of what solitary confinement must feel like, we are bidden to remain motionless, staring at the blank wall of Albie's prison cell for two solid minutes. It was interesting to observe that many were unable to do so.

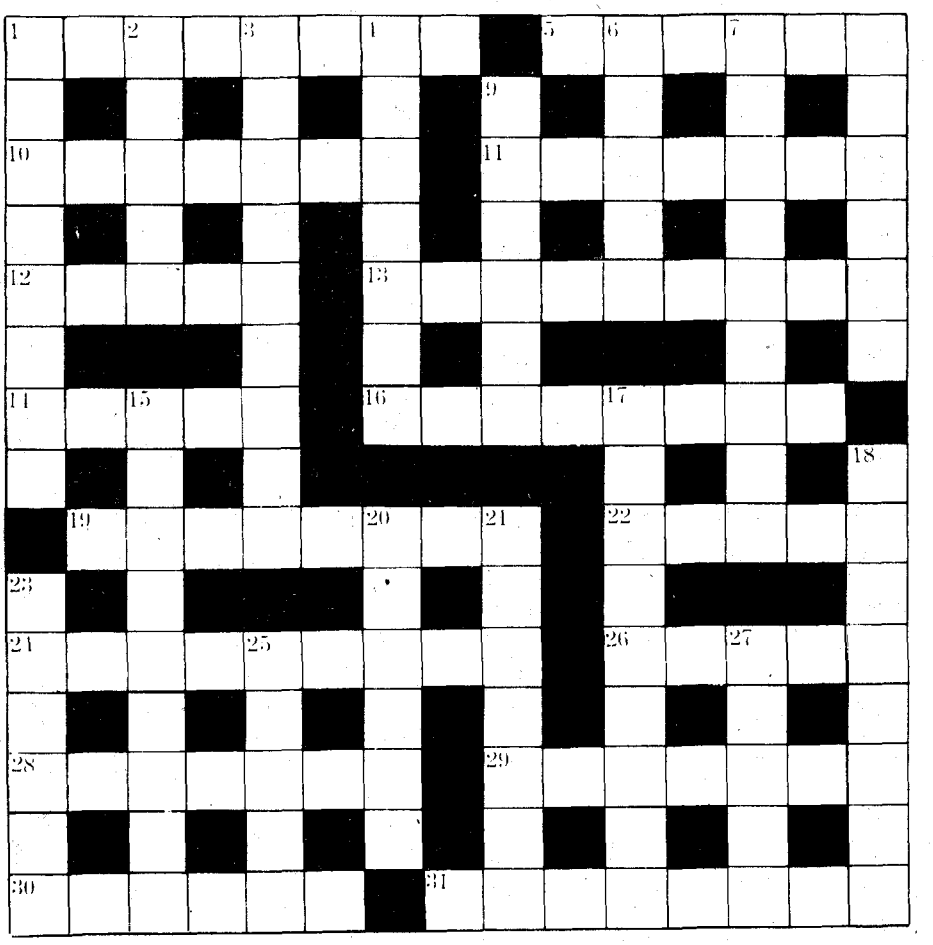
The burden of the performance is carried with sympathetic clarity, command and elocutionary skill by Brian Murray, and in fact, the entire cast is first-rate. Particularly notable are Peter Michael Goetz as a befuddled and likable station commander, Paul Collins as a suavely venomous interrogator and Count Stovall as Sachs's "neighbor" in jail who touchingly seeks to reassure him that his last moments of faltering will not be considered dishonorable by fellow members of the anti-apartheid movement.

Because of a partly cordial press reception and an expensively stylish production with agreeable performances by Anthony Perkins and Mia Farrow, I suppose I should say something about Bernard Slade's *"Romantic Comedy"* (Ethel Barrymore Theatre). But I imagine this play and similar ones are of hardly any interest to readers of this periodical.

*"Romantic Comedy"* is the unlikely story of a Broadway hit playwright who takes on as his collaborator an unknown neophyte from Vermont because she writes good dialogue and is attractive. It takes a long time—after his marriage to and divorce from another woman—for him to make the Vermont collaborator his companion in bed. Long stretches are given to showbiz talk—nearly always an embarrassment to me—and the few smart quips cannot make this long haul viable. □

# Crossword Puzzle No. 1799

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 5 A balloon probably can, as one might in a childish temper tantrum. (4,4,6)
10 Pertaining to the central part, ran the wrong way around a difficult clue. (7)
11 One of our coasts is a point behind! (7)
12 What those needing encouragement should take. (5)
13 Fetters associated with an important time for Caesar and Cromwell, perhaps. (9)
14 Reputed Irish gift to the French-American actor. (5)
16 Makes a negative advance concerning things shared in Dutch tradition. (8)
19 Benefits from having things passed on in a variety of theirs. (8)
22 An English tube is an important part of 12. (5)
24 One lives in an apple of considerable size, as they say nowadays. (3,6)
26 It makes some things a little higher with a cutting edge. (5)
28 Take off a few pounds—things won't look so dark if you do. (7)
29 Waiter, perhaps, more covered with black stuff. (7)
30 and 31 Looking for an opening? (Perhaps the picture type you might want to buy?) (6-8)

DOWN

1 and 23 Look for Rocky Mountain goats—as well as the sound of cattle. (4,4,3,3)
2 What Donizetti made of Scott's bride Lucy. (5)
3 Where the AEF went is obvious at this point. (4,5)
4 More like the reputedly well-fed bird. (7)
6 Bars might have nothing else except the whole type. (5)
7 Located an unusual word relating to short narratives. (9)
8 He's not sort of Lincolnian, by tradition. (6)
9 A clever answer found in the lab. (7)
15 Followers might climb on it, Robin's men having a funny fellow with no upbringing. (9)
17 Sounds like a hea.tless 3, but you do it on purpose. (9)
18 Game in which the men may get jumped. (8)
20 A hint without the mid-fifty type of action presses take. (6)
21 Only the good are up to it, although many start from here. (7)
23 See 1 down
25 Better—or best? (Also worst!) (5)
27 The proclamation of a progressive, or just an excuse for one? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1798

ACROSS: 1 and 6 Character study; 9 Arrange; 10 Candies; 11, 6 down and 26 Nuts and bolts; 12, 13 and 23 Border-line case; 15 May flies; 16 Glided; 18 Kosher; 20 Sensibly; 24 Vested; 25 Nab; 28 Edition; 29 Epochal; 30 Ranch; 31 Defenders; DOWN: 1 Chain; 2, 17 and 27 A pretty kettle of fish; 3 Annabel Lee; 4 Theories; 5 Racket; 7 Unified; 8 Yesterday; 14 Closed down; 15 Make clear; 19 Session; 21 Banshee; 22 Penned.

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# We Don't Need Food For Thought We Need Facts For Action

If we really want a world without hunger we need facts, not fancy. Unfortunately, there are a lot of myths about hunger which actually inflate the problem, instead of helping us solve it. Here are some myths you've probably heard—and the facts to match:

### MYTH #1: People are hungry because there's too little food and land to go around.

The fact is, there's enough grain to feed everybody on the planet 3000 calories a day. And no country lacks ample food-producing resources of its own—even so-called "basketcases" like Bangladesh. Scarcity is an illusion fostered by the concentration of control over food and land in the hands of a few. Large landholders (often the least productive) grow cash crops for export instead of planting food first; hunger is the result.

### MYTH #2: We can eliminate hunger by redistributing food.

The fact is, food distribution reflects the distribution of control over resources like land and credit inside a society. The poor go hungry in India for the same reason they go hungry in America: they're cut out of the economy. Too few people control the land, what it grows, and where it goes. Redistributing food solves nothing. Only by redistributing control over food-producing resources can we build the basis of food security.

### MYTH #3: Global interdependence is the ultimate answer.

The fact is, exporting cash crops from the Third World doesn't benefit the hungry in the least. Workers on Phillipine banana plantations receive less than 2¢ out of every dollar spent by Japanese banana consumers. Multinational corporations and domestic elites are the only winners in the world agricultural trade. And they take their profits in cash, not in food for the hungry poor.

### MYTH #4: Hunger is a contest between the "rich world" and the "poor world."

The fact is, talking about "rich" countries and "poor" countries obscures the truth that every country is rich at the top and poor at the bottom. The hungry aren't our enemies; they're our allies in the struggle to democratize control over food resources at home and abroad. In America, the top 50 food corporations reap more than 90 percent of the profits in the entire food industry. The same companies are taking control of land and food in the Third World.

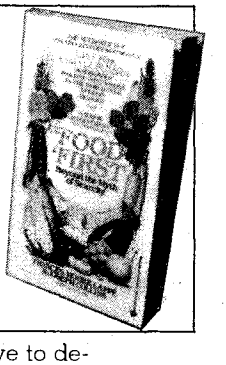
### MYTH #5: Hungry people are too weak to help themselves.

The fact is, this is the most destructive myth of all. 40 percent of the Third World has freed itself from famine and hunger in our lifetimes. The poor aren't passive or resigned; they're blocked by political and economic structures which have frozen the status quo of hunger. And right now, US government and corporate policies are hurting the poor, not helping.

### So don't skip lunch.

You need all the strength you can get to help stop devastating US political, military, economic and corporate interventions which shore up regimes at war with their own people's fight for food. And to support worker-managed food alternatives battling the handful of corporations taking control of our land and food here at home.

Get more facts for action. Begin by reading **FOOD FIRST: Beyond the Myth of Scarcity** (Ballantine 1979) by Frances Moore Lappe and Joseph Collins with Cary Fowler.

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